THE GRECO-TURKISH WAR, PROFUSELY ILLUSTRATED, IN THIS NUMBER.

HARPER'S WEEKLY
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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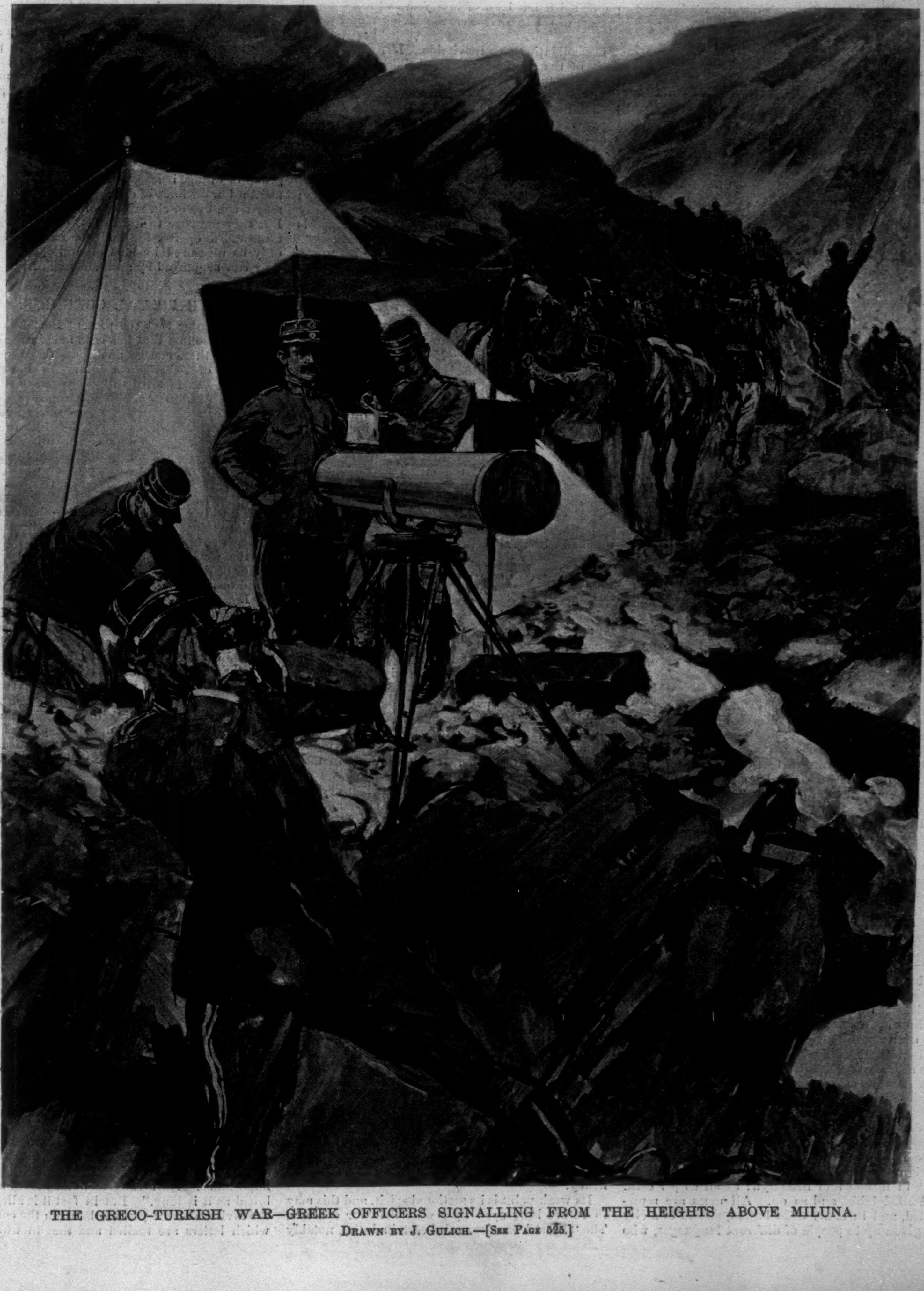

THE GRECO-TURKISH WAR—GREEK OFFICERS SIGNALLING FROM THE HEIGHTS ABOVE MILUNA.

DRAWN BY J. GULICH.—[SEE PAGE 525.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

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THE NEW MUNICIPALITY.

THE approval by the Governor of the charter for "the Greater New York" passed by the last Legislature of this State insures the early inauguration of the most important experiment in municipal administration ever attempted in this country. People have so generally regarded the result as inevitable that its tremendous significance in the development of our government is appreciated by but few. The consolidation of a population of over three million souls in a single political body is the visible sign of a revolution in the distribution of the American people which has been wrought during the past century.

The republic of 1789 was a republic of small farming towns. The census of 1790 showed only six places in the thirteen original States with a population exceeding 5000—Boston, Providence, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and New Orleans. Philadelphia, which led the list for many years, had but 42,520 inhabitants, as against 33,131 in New York. The Legislatures of that period were composed almost exclusively of members from country towns differing but slightly in the size of their population. Some States gave a uniform representation in the law-making body to all of the towns, and the system worked no serious injustice.

These conditions were not materially changed during the formative period in which the new experiment in government was vindicating itself. So late as 1830 New York had only about 200,000 people, and Philadelphia 167,000, while Baltimore, Boston, and New Orleans followed with 80,000, 61,000, and 46,000 respectively, and no other place in the country had so many as 25,000. Even down to the outbreak of the civil war the few great cities continued relatively unimportant as compared with the host of rural towns. The largest aggregation of municipal population was in the cities bordering on the East River, and New York and Brooklyn in 1860 contained little more than a quarter of all the inhabitants of New York State.

Moreover, down almost to the outbreak of the civil war our cities remained substantially homogeneous. Until immigration from Ireland was stimulated by the potato famine of 1847 New York and Philadelphia and Boston and the other larger places grew chiefly by the incoming of people from the smaller towns. Their traditions, their training, and their whole point of view underwent no marked change during the first half of this century. It was only the far-seeing observer of tendencies who in 1850 detected the approach of a new set of problems in the government of a democracy.

These problems confront us at the close of the century. The most populous States in the Union are becoming States of great cities. In more than one an overwhelming majority of the people live in cities. In others the city population, although a minority, exerts an influence over legislation out of proportion to its size. Our law-making bodies in the East are no longer composed of members representing small towns with common interests. Rural legislators deal with great municipalities about which they know nothing.

These great municipalities themselves are loose combinations of the most heterogeneous elements of population. About 80 per cent. of the people in New York city, Chicago, and Buffalo are of either foreign birth or foreign parentage; about 70 per cent. in Boston and Brooklyn; about 60 per cent. in Philadelphia, and so on. All races are represented, and in many cases large quarters of a city are given up to people of different languages, who have as yet little in common with either other foreigners or the native element. The growth of our cities in population has been accompanied by an even more rapid increase in wealth. Municipal government now concerns immense accumulations of capital, and offers opportunities for the grossest corruption.

The combination of New York, Brooklyn, and other adjacent territory in a single city brings more than three million people under one municipal administration. Within this small territory are now massed almost as many inhabitants as the United States contained when WASHINGTON was inaugurated. The great majority are foreign in training, if not by birth. There is a vast deal of poverty and ignorance, which possesses a suffrage that it has never learned how to wield. Lack of public spirit has been of late years a growing evil in each of the two great cities which are now made one.

Consolidation was inevitable. It represented a drift of the age which is irresistible. There was no reason for longer delay in bringing about what was sure to come, sooner or later. It would have been a misfortune if either the Legislature or the Governor had thwarted the immediate consummation of a project which had been carried so far, and, on the whole, so wisely, toward completion. It is fortunate that the change occurs at a time when the public attention is not distracted by other issues. The next Presidential campaign is far away; Congressmen are not to be chosen for a year; only one State office, a judgeship on the Court of Appeals bench, is to be filled next fall.

There is something inspiring about the inauguration of this great municipal enterprise. It is not the mere passion for bigness which is gratified by such a spectacle. To have a share in the upbuilding of this immense structure must evoke a public spirit, which will steadily grow throughout the vast population as they appreciate the possibilities before them. The Greater New York cannot fail to command an enthusiasm and loyalty such as neither New York nor Brooklyn has ever known.

The voters have it in their power to initiate this striking experiment in a manner to impress the whole country. The Citizens' Union has been organized upon the fundamental principle of administering the affairs of the city independently of national and State politics, and choosing local officers solely with reference to their qualifications. The success of this movement would be an event of national importance, and its progress will be watched with anxious interest throughout the land.

SECTIONALISM IN THE SENATE TARIFF.

IT is bad enough to have the tariff a political issue; it is much worse to have it an issue in sectional politics. After nearly seven years of a diminishing revenue and a deficit in the national income, all good citizens were ready to unite upon a measure which would yield sufficient to enable the government to pay its way under an economical administration. To accomplish that end taxation of some sort was needed, for the government has no means of its own, and can obtain money only by taxes or loans. If an increase in tariff rates would give the increased revenue, no one could reasonably cry out against it; if a decrease in duties would fill the Treasury, such a policy would commend itself to the right-minded. At such a time minor differences of opinion could be sunk, for it is mortifying to have seen the government experiencing a deficit for so many years—a sure proof of incompetency in the legislators.

It was because the DINGLEY bill could only operate in still further reducing the income of the nation that it was met with so prompt and general a condemnation. By imposing higher rates for protection than had ever been framed, it threatened to choke trade, and without trade there can be no income from customs. That feature alone was sufficient to make the bill an offence to low-tariff men and distasteful to the conservative. So extreme was it that it could only excite a reaction and once more plunge the country into the agonies of a tariff agitation. It is because the Senate measure has avoided this danger and promises to produce revenue that it commends itself to all moderates, and this is a great element of strength. Retaining many of the existing rates of duty, it has gone back to the law of 1890 for others, and yet again has reduced not a few of those now levied. In brief, it is generally moderate, intelligent, and contains a promise of some permanency.

Its weak point is its sectional spirit, and this may in future laws open up a wide field for contests. The "West" has demanded certain duties, notably on hides, fruits, lead, and cheap wools, that threaten to disturb and even to destroy important interests in the "East." As producers, the Western States are entitled to receive the same "protection" for their products as is given to the products of other parts of the country. That is as logical as it is just. But when they go beyond justice, and make demands which, if conceded, will cost many times any possible benefit to be derived from them, it is time to call a halt. Free hides have built up an immense export trade in leather and leather manufactures, amounting to more than $20,000,000 a year. Cheap wools have placed our domestic manufacturers upon an equality with their foreign competitors, and given them the choice of wools produced throughout the world—a choice necessary to the production of fine-grade goods. The poor in our Eastern cities have fed upon the low-priced fruits, oranges, lemons, and currants of the Mediterranean countries, whence water carriage lands them at our ports at such rates as enable them to be placed within the reach of all. To shut off or to restrict this import to give the California fruit-grower a monopoly of market is to make these fruits dear, and out of the reach of the very customers whose need of them is greatest. A high duty on lead ores involves a burden on extensive mining operations, in which the Mexican and Canadian ores are necessary to mix with the "dry" domestic ores. This group of duties, if imposed, will yield the government a few millions of dollars in the first year, and may reach five or six millions in subsequent years. But they are sure to injure manufacturing operations and to oppress the poor in a manner that can only be measured by tens of millions—so far as they can be gauged by such a standard.

THE POSTAL CONGRESS.

IT is singular that the present Postal Congress should be the first that has been held in the United States, for there can be no dispute that the Postal Union is of American origin. As Postmaster-General GARY recalled to the congress at its first session in Washington, May 5, it was a predecessor of his, MONTGOMERY BLAIR, who thirty-five years ago set forth that there were difficulties in the interchange of mails to remove which international action was required. This suggestion, transmitted by our government to every other which maintained a postal system of its own, resulted in the formation of the union, which in turn has had much to do with the amazing improvement that has since taken place in the rapidity, accuracy, and cheapness with which mails are distributed throughout the world. It is curious to reflect that the author of this beneficent scheme was compelled to withdraw from the cabinet of which he was a member because he did not concur in all the political views of his colleagues. In requesting his withdrawal, however, President LINCOLN took occasion to bear testimony to the efficiency with which he had administered the affairs of his department. It is in the appreciation of the civil service as well as in the transaction of postal business that we have made progress within the generation. A President would now scarcely think of dismissing a member of his cabinet, who had done conspicuously good service in his own department, for political differences no greater than those which isolated MONTGOMERY BLAIR.

To inexperts in postal service the subjects proposed for the Washington congress seem of no great importance—matters of detail, indeed. But it is to be borne in mind that the whole machinery of the union consists in detail, and that it is by improvements of which each by itself might have been thought trivial that the enormous aggregate of progress has been effected. The increase of the weight that can be carried under a single stamp, the waiver by countries across which mails are carried of any claim for compensation for that service, the transmission free of official mail-matter, and the introduction of an international stamp that can be forwarded to pay return postage—these are among the principal topics in the programme of the congress. The proposition under the first head does not seem very radical, being an increase from half an ounce to three-quarters; but it takes on a great importance when it is considered as a proposition to carry half as much weight of mail-matter again as is now carried for a given price. Of course that would not be the actual effect of adopting the proposition, since the great majority of letters are under the weight already allowed, and would continue to be so. The waiver of any claim for the transportation of mails by countries across which they are carried is of more practical importance. The arrangement may seem to be "as broad as it is long." But in fact it is alleged that the division of the postage between the country in which letters are mailed and that in which they

are delivered, to the exclusion of the intermediate countries, would much overtax some countries, and relieve others of their fair share of the burden of transportation.

Upon the whole, the specific questions before the congress are eminently questions for postal experts—questions with regard to which the inexpert public is as uninterested as it is ignorant. This public knows the Union only through the great results that it has wrought—results which supplement the benefits BACON ascribes to the invention of the ship, "which carrieth riches and commodities from place to place, and consociateth the most remote regions in participation of their fruits." The Union itself has grown greatly from the small beginning made by MONTGOMERY BLAIR to the present congress, in which sixty-five governments are represented, and at which Corea and China appear as applicants for admission to the family of nations. Such a congress is the closest approximation that civilization has made to realizing the poet's dream of "the Parliament of Man," and is, in literal fact, for one important purpose, a "Federation of the World."

A HAPPY THOUGHT.

THINGS that repeat themselves are apt to pall, and in nothing is this more emphatically true than in the case of pageantry, which depends largely upon the effectiveness of the appeal which is made through the eye to the imagination. It is not, after all, the procession itself, but the motive behind the procession, which lends it significance and rouses any heart-felt enthusiasm. On this account the task of those intrusted with the duty of making the most of the British celebration of next month, on the occasion of Queen VICTORIA'S Jubilee, was perhaps less easy than it seemed. Ten years ago one such Jubilee was celebrated with success, and there was a danger of a mere repetition falling flat. It would appear that those in authority have appreciated this possible danger, and are likely to prove equal to averting it. The celebration of the 20th of June, it now appears, is to be rather that of the progress of the British Empire than the commemoration of the fact that its official head and representative has occupied the position for sixty years.

No fact of contemporary history is better known perhaps than the marvellous growth and expansion of the British Empire during the last sixty years, and yet it was probably the happiest thought of those in charge of the Jubilee celebration to make that fact the prominent feature of the occasion. It is not the circumstance that a single monarch has reigned for sixty years that is so wonderful, nor even that she has done so without for a day losing the enthusiastic regard and sympathy of her people, but it is that during her reign a small kingdom has expanded into a mighty empire, embracing a larger part of the world, and infinitely more of its civilization, wealth, and progress, than any previous empire of ancient or modern times. Steps have been taken to make the celebration of next month in London an object-lesson of world-wide significance of this fact, and in this will lie at once its novelty and its chief appeal to the imagination.

Yet, after all, it will not be the presence of Indian princes or of African chiefs that will form the most suggestive feature of the occasion. In all ages of the world empires have grown great by conquest, and the presence of subject princes at such pageantries is as old as the pyramids of Egypt or the sculptures of Nineveh. The invitation given to the Premiers of the colonies of Britain throughout the world to become the guests of the British government on the occasion will introduce a feature at once more novel and more interesting. This at least is new. For the first time in the history of empire a group of young, vigorous, and self-governing colonies will be represented by the men whom they have freely chosen in their own way to mould their own destinies, taking part in full and loyal sympathy with a demonstration which proclaims the substantial unity of a people building up new states in every quarter of the globe. Not more than two or three of that group of perhaps a dozen young nations could be said to exist at all sixty years ago, and to-day it can hardly be doubted that a great part of the destiny of the future rests in their hands. A century and a quarter ago Britain held and threw away some such destiny as this in the case of our own country, but it would seem that she has profited by the experience thus gained.

The lesson which she learned from her earliest colonies she has practised in the case of her younger ones with results that will add perhaps the most suggestive feature to the pageant of next month. This is as it should be, and no one who appreciates the benefits which the world at large has yet to receive from the spread of the free institutions with which the Anglo-Saxon race is everywhere associated can fail to congratulate the world as well as Great Britain herself upon her success.

A DISMAL PAGE IN OUR HISTORY.

THERE has been much newspaper discussion of the question how the arbitration treaty between the United States and Great Britain was defeated in the Senate, and who did it. To appreciate the full significance of that defeat we must recall some facts which preceded it. In 1890 the Congress of the United States, by a unanimous vote of each House, adopted the following concurrent resolution: "That the President be and is hereby requested to invite from time to time, as fit occasions may arise, negotiations with any government with which the United States has or may have diplomatic relations, to the end that any differences or disputes arising between the two governments which cannot be adjusted by diplomatic agency may be referred to arbitration, and be peaceably adjusted by such means."

By this resolution the Congress of the United States did indeed not literally invite all other nations to make with this republic treaties providing for a permanent system of arbitration with standing tribunals, but it made substantially this proclamation to the world: "We, the American people, wish all nations to understand that we are ready to discard the barbarous arbitrament of war, and to submit any differences or disputes arising between this republic and any other nation that may not be diplomatically adjusted, to peaceable arbitration, and we call upon all the world to follow this example." The resolution meant this, if anything. Thus the United States solemnly—it may even be said demonstratively—assumed the leadership of nations as to this great onward movement of progressive civilization.

This appeal was not without result. In July, 1893, the British House of Commons responsively resolved "that this House, cordially sympathizing with the purpose in view, expresses the hope that her Majesty's government will lend their ready co-operation to the government of the United States, upon the basis of the foregoing resolution"—namely, that adopted by our Congress in 1890. Thus the British Parliament formally accepted our invitation, recognizing our leadership, and promising to follow.

It will be admitted by any fair-minded person that our voluntary and solemn proclamation of our readiness to submit to arbitration any difference or dispute we might have with any foreign nation, was, if not in point of form, at least in substance, equivalent to an expression of willingness, or even of desire, on our part, to establish arbitration as a fixed and regulated system between this and other countries, and to provide for regular tribunals to that end. The two things belonged as naturally and logically together as the enactment of a law and the adoption of proper machinery for its execution.

Accordingly negotiations were begun, under President CLEVELAND'S administration, with the British government for the purpose of translating into actual fact—that is, into a formal treaty—the declarations and promises contained in the resolutions passed in 1890 by our Congress, and in 1893 by the British Parliament. The British Premier, Lord SALISBURY, appeared at first unwilling to give that treaty the broad scope of the resolution adopted by our Congress in 1890, which called for the submission to arbitration of "any differences" between the two countries. But by ingenious and persistent argument our Secretary of State, Mr. OLNEY, at last prevailed upon him to accept our proposition. Thus a treaty was framed between the United States and Great Britain upon the basis of *our* proclamation that *any* international differences should be submitted to arbitration, providing for various tribunals to adjudicate various classes of disputes, and regulating the jurisdiction and the proceedings of those tribunals in such a manner as to guard against any offensive trespass upon the sense of honor or the self-respect of either of the contracting nations—a treaty, in one word, embodying the principle solemnly proclaimed by this republic to the whole world, to the full acceptance of which the British government had been brought only by the strenuous and able arguments of *our* representative.

And it is this treaty, the first attempt to give systematic effect to the proud proclamation of 1890 and to our leadership in this great work of progressive civilization—it is this treaty that was rejected by the Senate of the United States. Considering the preceding events and the attendant circumstances, it is difficult to imagine any reason that would, before the American people and before mankind, justify such a rejection, except the one that the treaty in its practical operation would have worked for international dissension and conflict instead of international peace and good-will. Upon no other ground, it would seem, could the action of the Senate claim the respect of the civilized world. But just this reason is missing among those which, so far as the public are informed, have been assigned by the opponents of the treaty for their efforts to defeat it.

It is said that several Senators voted against it because they bore Mr. CLEVELAND and Mr. OLNEY a grudge, and would not let them have the credit of so great an achievement. But such a motive of action in the face of so momentous a subject appears too inexpressibly mean to be entertained by more than a very few persons of exceptional smallness. We are also told that almost all those who voted against the treaty were furious free-coinage men who hated England as the foremost gold country, and were loath to adopt any arrangement calculated to prevent foreign conflicts, because a war might force this country off the gold basis. Whatever there may be in reasoning like this, we cannot lay the flattering unction to our souls that the defeat of the treaty was wholly or mainly owing only to the speculative hostility of the mining camps or the vagaries of the Populists; for the most effective blows against it were struck from the ranks of those Senators who finally voted for the treaty, or for what was left of it.

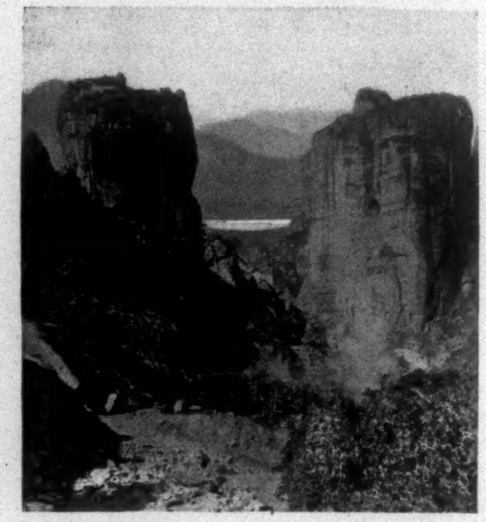
When the text of the treaty first became known it was greeted by an enthusiastic uprising in its favor of the best public sentiment all over the country, of which the American people had every reason to be proud, and which might properly have had a powerful influence with the Senate. The first check it received came from a Senator who probably was at heart not opposed to the treaty, but who in almost angry tones protested against the intrusion of that public sentiment, creating the impression that in his view the Senate would the better maintain its dignity the more slowly it proceeded and the less regard it paid to the urgency of public opinion. This was not a Senator from the mining camps, but from New England. The second blow came in the shape of an amendment to the treaty excluding from its operation those international differences which might become really dangerous to international peace, and therefore would make a peaceable method of settlement especially desirable—an amendment implying the suspicion that this treaty was full of snares and pitfalls which only the acumen of an exceptionally keen-eyed patriot could discern, and which it was highly needful to guard against. This amendment, which was, if not meant, at least calculated thoroughly to discredit the treaty, also came from a New England Senator, a professed "friend" of the treaty. After all this and more of the same sort, it was discovered that the Senate would renounce its prerogative as a part of the treaty-making power if it assented to this treaty without amending it to the effect that in each specific case of dispute the agreement to arbitrate should be submitted to the Senate for its approval. When thus the treaty had been thoroughly discredited and disembowelled by its "friends," the ranters against Great Britain as the "hereditary foe," the "bully" and so on, with whom no treaty of friendship should be made anyhow, had a free field, and the final defeat of the treaty was the logical result.

The Senate, by thus amending and at last defeating the arbitration treaty, has virtually changed the proud proclamation of 1890 so that it now may read, "The President be and is hereby requested to invite negotiations with foreign governments, to the end that such differences or disputes arising between them and the United States may be referred to arbitration as the Senate may consider of sufficiently little consequence. As to more important matters, we are not sure whether the most civilized method of settlement will suit us best." That the leadership of the United States in this great onward movement of civilization has thus been forfeited nobody will deny. The Senate has put the republic in the lamentable attitude of a false pretender. But it may truthfully be said that the Senate has not in this matter represented the people. Never has an international agreement been more heartily welcomed than this arbitration treaty by all those elements of our population, from the university to the workshop, whose opinions and feelings are entitled to the greatest respect. And the American people owe it to themselves, for the protection of their good name, to manifest their true sentiments on this subject in the strongest possible manner on every occasion that may present itself.

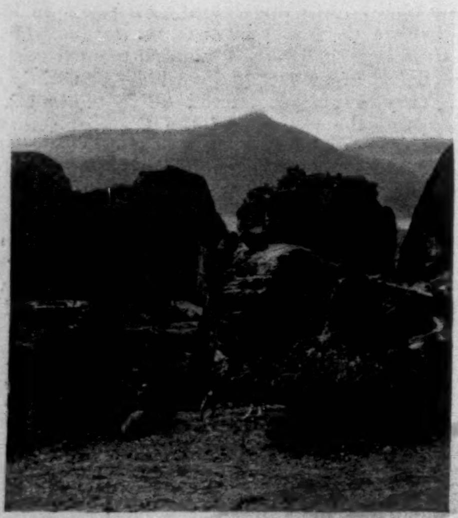
CARL SCHURZ.

THE METEORA MONASTERIES NEAR KALABAKA.

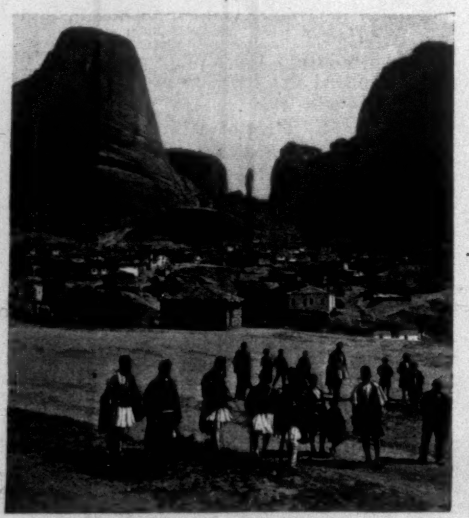
ONE HUNDRED AND FORTY FEET IN THE AIR.
The Method of reaching the Meteora Monasteries.



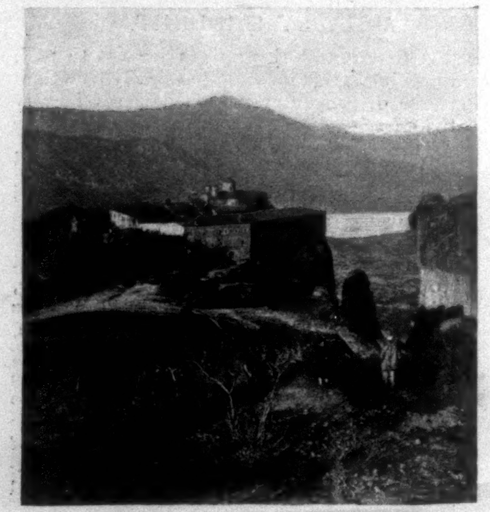
SKIRMISHING NEAR THE METEORA MONASTERIES.



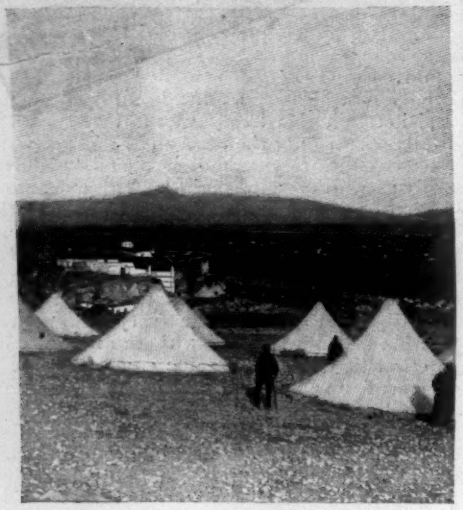
MONASTERY OF ST. BARLAAM, METEORA.



THE VILLAGE OF KALABAKA.

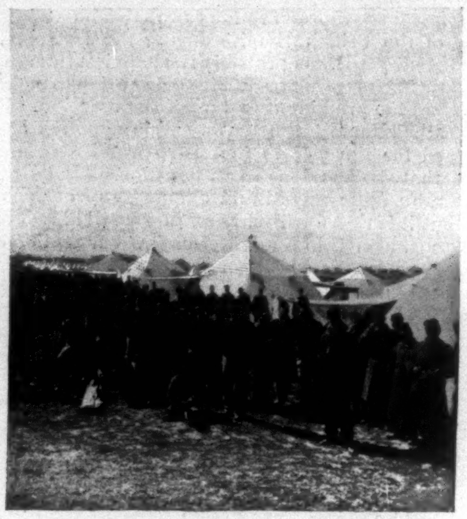


MONASTERY OF ST. STEPHEN, METEORA.



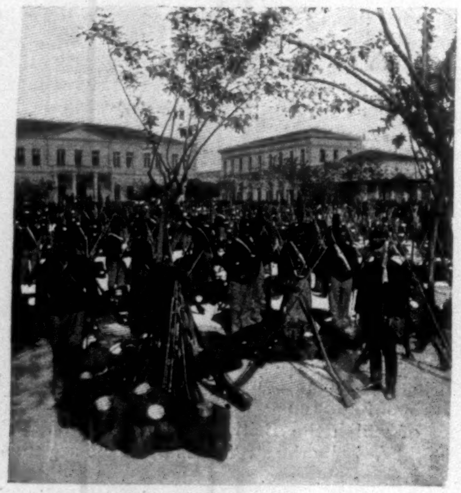
GREEK CAMP NEAR TYRNAVO, APRIL 21.
These Tents were occupied by the Turks April 23.

TURKISH FRONTIER STATION.
Captured and burned by the Greeks April 18.

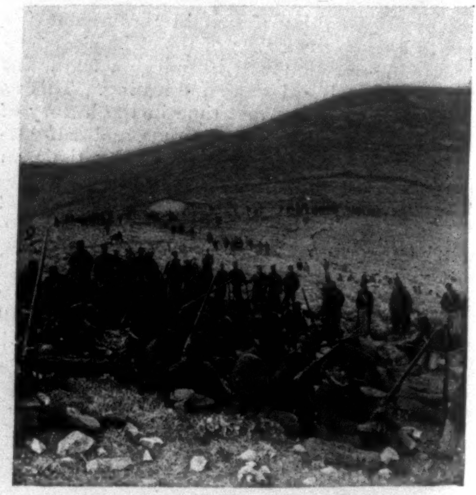


GREEK HOSPITAL TENTS AT TRIKHALA.

A GREEK SKIRMISH-LINE
On the Heights above Tyrnavo April 21.



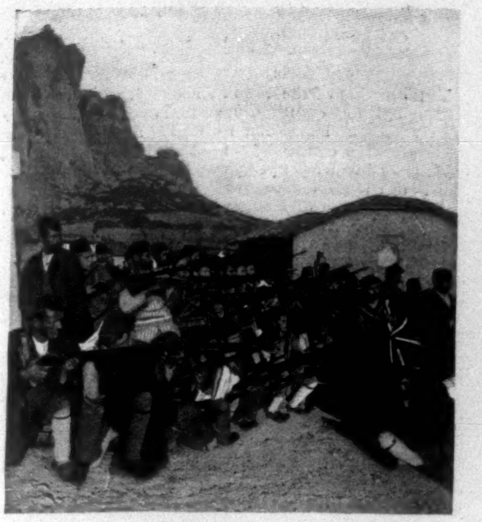
PUBLIC SQUARE AT LARISSA.
Three Days before the Retreat to Pharsalia.



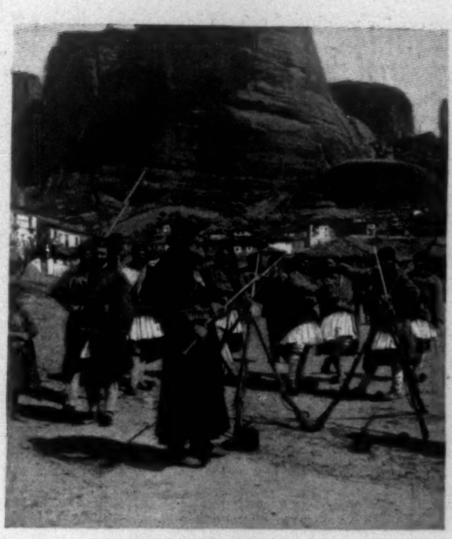
OUTPOST ABOVE TYRNAVO, CAPTURED BY THE GREEKS.
Photographed April 21, and recaptured by the Turks April 23.

THE GRECO-TURKISH WAR—WITH THE GREEK FORCES ON THE FRONTIER.

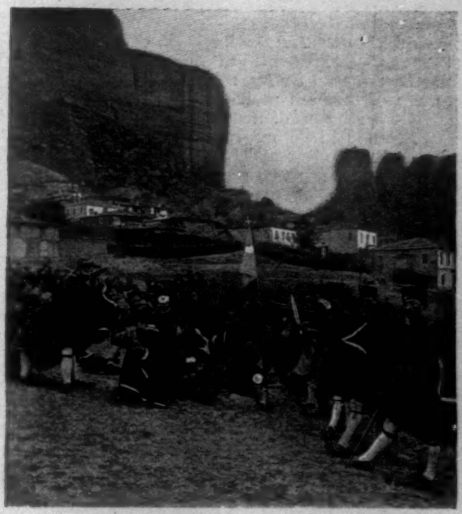
PHOTOGRAPHED BY MR. BERT UNDERWOOD, OF THE FIRM OF UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD, NEW YORK AND LONDON.—[SEE PAGE 523.]



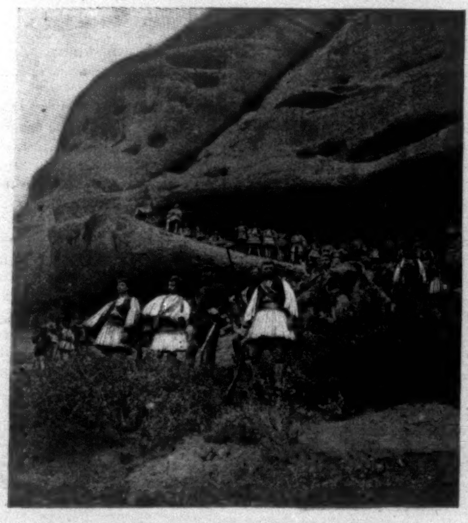
A GROUP AT KALABAKA.



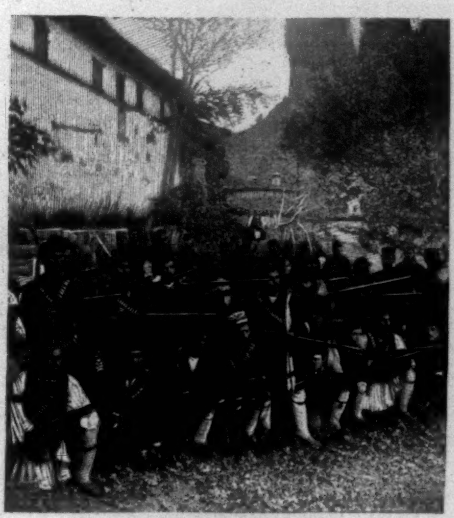
ONE OF THE FIGHTING PRIESTS.



A COMPANY OF SPARTANS.

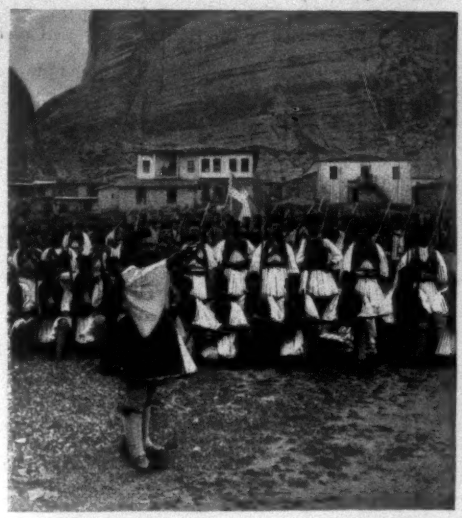


CAPTAIN DAVELIS AND HIS PICKED BAND.
Before their Cave in the Hills.

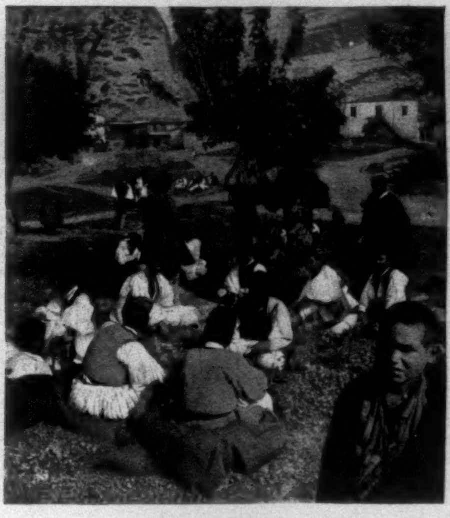


LOADING AND FIRING DRILL.

CAPTAIN DAVELIS AND HIS LIEUTENANTS.
The Leader of the first Irregular Invasion.



A BATTALION OF THE ETHNIKE HETAIRIA, KALABAKA.



OFF DUTY AT KALABAKA.

ENTHUSIASTIC COMPANY CHEERING FOR MACEDONIA.

ONE OF THE GREEK NATIONAL DANCES.
A Favorite Pastime of the Soldiers.

GREEK REFUGEES, APRIL 21.
On the Plain between Tyrnavo and Larissa.

FOUR YOUNG AMERICAN VOLUNTEERS.

THE GRECO-TURKISH WAR—FIVE DAYS ON THE FRONTIER WITH THE ETHNIKE-HETAIRIA.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY MR. BERT UNDERWOOD, OF THE FIRM OF UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD, NEW YORK AND LONDON.—[SEE PAGE 523.]

THE NATIONAL MUNICIPAL LEAGUE.

The Louisville Conference for Good City Government (May 5, 6, and 7) was the fifth of the series, and in several respects the most important thus far held. In the first place, the meeting will undoubtedly be remembered as marking the beginning of a new era in the work of the National Municipal League. Heretofore its meetings have been devoted to a clear and full statement of American municipal conditions and to a discussion of the lessons which they taught. There has been no attempt, however, to formulate a creed for municipal reformers or to construct a platform upon which all municipal reform campaigns should be waged. No such effort has been made, because, in the minds of those most actively identified with the League's management, the time had not arrived when such a step would be either wise or advisable. Reformers were not in a position to agree upon a statement of belief, largely because they had not given to the general phases of the problem the necessary attention and study. Their principal experiences had been purely local, and they were to a considerable extent ignorant of the conditions existing elsewhere. Thanks to the educational work of the League, and the conferences held under its auspices, and the published proceedings, they have come to know and to realize that there is an American municipal problem; that the question of good city government is something more than a merely local issue; that it is perhaps the most important single problem confronting the American people to-day; and that while there may be local variations due to differing environment and development, nevertheless the general features are the same everywhere: wastefulness, a disregard of the public interest where private ones were concerned, inefficiency, frequent corruption and scandals, and an indifference on the part of the citizen that is at once dangerous to the welfare of the community and subversive of popular government.

These conclusions have been very generally acquiesced in, although there may be, and as a matter of fact are, radical differences of opinion as to the underlying cause for all the trouble, and much greater differences as to the remedies to be pursued. It matters not whether the city contains heterogeneous foreign elements, like New York, or is made up of a purely American population, at once well educated and homogeneous, like Portland, Oregon; it matters not whether the city is hampered by frequent interference on the part of the State Legislature, as Providence, or has substantial home-rule, as St. Louis, the story is the same—inefficiency and inadequacy in municipal affairs.

At Louisville, Horace E. Deming, Esq., of New York, offered this resolution, which was unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That the Executive Committee appoint a Committee of Ten to report on the feasibility of a *Municipal Programme*, which shall embody the essential principles that must underlie successful municipal government, and which shall also set forth a working-plan or system consistent with American industrial and political conditions for putting such principles in practical operation; and said committee, if it find such a Municipal Programme to be feasible, is instructed to report the same, with its reasons therefor, to the League for consideration.

It is to be noted that the resolution provides that the committee shall report first as to the feasibility of a Municipal Programme. If the Committee of Ten should conclude that the time had not yet arrived when municipal reformers could adopt a creed, then its labors will be completed. If, on the other hand, it should be agreed that there are certain fundamental principles underlying successful municipal government which can be affirmed and must be recognized as essential, then the committee is to embody them in a programme, giving its reasons for its action.

This step, it will be recognized at once, constituted a radical departure from the previous policy of the League. Thus far it had confined its efforts to a statement of facts and a discussion of principles. No effort had been made by resolution or by-law to secure uniformity of action on the part of the friends of good municipal government throughout the country, nor to bind its affiliated and associate members to a definite course of action. It has been an educator and an agitator. It has preached the gospel of a more active and intelligent municipal citizenship, but it has not sought to insist upon a particular form of municipal government. It has not suggested an "ideal charter." The report of the Committee of Ten at the next conference will, within certain limits, determine whether the time has come when municipal reformers shall take the position that certain concrete and positive reforms must be adopted in every city and urged upon every occasion.

The success of the movement for civil service reform has been largely due to the fact that it was entirely possible to agree upon a few fundamental principles or doctrines, concrete in form and easily comprehended, and then to make a determined fight for their adoption. The problem of municipal government is much more complex. It involves not only civil service reform, but much more. To begin with, in this country we have no definite municipal ideals. In one community the city means one thing; in another something entirely different. In one community the idea is that good city government is attained when adequate protection to the person and property is provided. In another it may mean all this and also efforts to provide for the education, comfort, and welfare of all classes of the community. Neither have we a settled policy in American cities for the conduct of municipal business. One city gives its franchises away for an indefinite period and without compensation. In another the term is limited and a percentage of the gross receipts is demanded. In one community the Mayor is the responsible head; in another the power is intrusted to the Legislature and its committees. All of this has been brought out fully and clearly at the several conferences, and the municipal reformer realizes that the problem which confronts him is both important and complex, and one demanding his best endeavors.

The Louisville Conference was notable in its attendance. Delegates were present from Portland, Oregon, in the far Northwest, from Savannah, in the far Southeast, from New York and Denver, from St. Paul and New Orleans, thus demonstrating, if further demonstration were necessary, that municipal misrule, maladministration, and inefficiency were not local or accidental matters, but general conditions existing in all the cities of the country.

The cry for municipal reform is the same whether coming from the Eastern or the Western man, the Northerner or the Southerner. There is but little variation. "Nearly everywhere the conduct of municipal affairs has fallen into the hands of the least estimable and least trustworthy classes. There is a widespread belief that the expenditure of public money produces less than its legitimate fruit for the public welfare. Other evils, now widely prevalent, constitute material factors. The enforcement of the law, especially as to offences against good morals, has become difficult and uncertain. The political influence of those who gain their livelihood through the vices or follies of the community is scandalously great, and a recognized system of traffic in the price of impunity for their transgression is fully established in some cities and is rapidly growing up elsewhere. Extortion is practised upon others besides criminals and purveyors to vice. Statutes, ordinances, and police regulations are enacted only too frequently that politicians of high and low degree may be paid for the privilege of disregarding them. In some places wealthy corporations now pay the reigning boss a fixed price for protection against this form of blackmail as regularly and with as little disguise as they employ counsel."

If the conferences have taught municipal reformers that this is the average condition of the average city, they have also taught them that it is not due to the maintenance of a particular form of government. It exists alike in cities having responsible Mayors and in cities where divided responsibility prevails; where there is a single-chambered Legislature and where the bicameral system is in operation; where the State interferes on the slightest provocation and where there is substantial home-rule. If it is not a question of the form of government, what then is the trouble? If the Committee of Ten can answer that satisfactorily we shall have ample cause for congratulation, and can look for the day of redemption as being near at hand.

The presence of so large a number of the younger men at Louisville emphasized the fact that the League has thus far depended mainly upon them for its active work, although the wisdom and experience and co-operation of those whose names are synonyms for public-spirited endeavor have been fully utilized; and while they have contributed largely to the success of the League, the movement has thus far been one more particularly of the young men. It has not been the fad of a few elderly men nor the pet of theorists. It represents the earnest effort of earnest men bent upon solving the most pressing problem of the day.

The papers read at the Louisville Conference may be grouped into three classes—the first dealing with a description of existing municipal conditions; the second discussing the ways and means to be adopted to secure certain specific reforms; and the third comprised of papers attempting a statement of the fundamental principles believed to underlie good municipal government and to define its functions. Of the last class the most important were those of Professor Frank J. Goodnow, Horace E. Deming, and Professor Leo S. Rowe. Professor Goodnow discussed the powers of a municipal corporation; Mr. Deming described the retrogression which the Legislature had undergone in the course of a hundred years of political development, whereby from being considered as the bulwark of the people's liberties it had come to be regarded as the enemy of the public, and therefore to be curbed and limited as to its powers; Dr. Rowe attempted to furnish a political and economic concept of the city. These papers were definitive, and taken in conjunction with the Deming resolution, already discussed, mark the beginning of what may be termed the formative period of the municipal reform movement. As Rev. Dr. Henry Hopkins in his paper said, "We cannot long devote our energies only to destroying evil and adverse conditions; we must proceed to construct; we must empty by filling." There is an English concept or idea of municipal government, and a French concept, and a German concept. Why not an American concept? and why should not the League supply it? This it is believed the Committee of Ten will attempt to do.

The National Municipal League was organized in New York city in May, 1894. It was the outgrowth of the Philadelphia Conference for Good City Government, which in turn was the outgrowth of a feeling simultaneously manifested in several cities that municipal reformers should meet for the purpose of exchanging ideas as to ways and means, and for co-operation. Eighteen associations were admitted to affiliated membership at the first meeting. With but two exceptions these came from the cities of the Atlantic seaboard. Now there are over a hundred affiliated associations, representing every city of any size or importance in the country, and representing an enrolled local membership mounting into the thousands. Four conferences have thus far been held under the League's auspices, one each in Minneapolis, Cleveland, Baltimore, and Louisville. Five cities want the next—Denver, Omaha, Atlanta, Indianapolis, and Boston. The proceedings of these conferences have been published in book form, and constitute a most important contribution to the literature of municipal government and its reform. They have found their way into the leading libraries, and in many colleges are used as text-books. The frequent references to them in all publications dealing with the subject are an indication of the importance and value of their contents. The League has also carried forward its educational work by means of pamphlets, which have been widely circulated, and through syndicate articles in the newspapers.

The steady progress of the League towards the accomplishment of its objects has been rendered possible by the public-spirited and efficient services of its officers, all of whom, although actively engaged in their respective professions and occupations, have devoted their time and means and energies to the betterment of municipal government, not only in their own communities, but throughout the United States. Its president is James C. Carter, the well-known leader of the New York bar. The vice-presidents are Charles Richardson, Philadelphia; Samuel B. Capen, Boston; Professor Edmund J. James, Chicago; Thomas N. Strong, Portland (Oregon); and Dr. H. D. Bruns, New Orleans. George Burnham, Jr., of the Baldwin Locomotive Works, is treasurer. Charles J. Bonaparte, of Baltimore, is chairman of the Executive Committee.

CLINTON ROGERS WOODRUFF.

FOREIGN NOTES.

FROM AN AMERICAN POINT OF VIEW.

LONDON, *April 28, 1897.*

The opening of the Royal Academy, which takes place on May 3, is one of the great annual events of England, not merely artistic, but social as well. At the private view all the fashion congregates to exhibit spring bonnets and other envy-inspiring millinery which I cannot understand. But to-day is the one set aside for the press, when there is at least a chance of seeing the pictures without rival attractions to disturb the visitor's mind.

I saw this morning no great works, none that inspired me with an irresistible longing to own them, but there were hundreds before which I lingered with pleasure, and which would have done credit to any capital of Europe. A Frenchman would have been struck by the absence of nude, or, rather, naked women, which at the Salon constitute the most striking portion of the show. I doubt if more than one picture in a hundred at Burlington House was nude, and those that were had been mostly got up in the spirit of Psyche, or some similar innocuous form of allegory.

It was to be expected that a city so crowded with rich people as London would furnish employment to many excellent portrait-painters, but I was not prepared for the very large number of portraits that were hung. Out of merely ten rooms of the exhibition, aggregating nearly a thousand pictures, I counted more than two hundred portraits, so that we may roughly say that 20 per cent. of the Royal Academy this year is of this nature. It must be that the great artists of the day receive satisfactory prices for this class of work, for it evidently absorbs most of their time, though it cannot be said always to enhance their reputation.

There is this year a cheerful absence of the unnatural, the so-called "classical," and all that imported artistic material which is the refuge of the degenerate artist. On the other hand, there were healthy indications that the life and history of our own times were being appreciated and treated in a manner to challenge respect. England is the mightiest sea power, and her military record is the most picturesque, if not the most successful, of any nation. There were not as many marine or harbor scenes as I should have expected, but what there was was good. There were many battle pictures, notably a large one by Caton Woodville, illustrating the war against Napoleon I. These battle pictures impressed me as better than anything of their kind I have seen in German exhibitions and as excelled only by a few works in France. I should have expected a large crop of pictures treating of the picturesque fighting in South Africa and Egypt, but there was nothing worth mentioning. There was not even a reference to the fight between Jameson and the Boers. There was the usual sprinkling of scenes in Venice and Cairo. I suppose there are people who like this sort of thing, or painters would not keep on doing it year after year.

The prettiest thing I know in England is the river Thames when it is crowded with all sorts of craft filled with pretty girls in boating trim. There should have been dozens of pictures treating this sort of thing, but I found only one; and a very good one it was, by Mr. Gregory, I think.

The members of the Royal Academy are supposed to paint better than any one else, and for that reason to have their names printed in larger type than their fellows, and to have their pictures hung in more desirable positions than any one else. This is all part of aristocratic privilege which no one here resents, although it raises a smile now and then, particularly when we notice that some of the work offered by Academicians does not rise to the level suggested by the large print in the catalogue. In most of the rooms I had occasion to notice the superiority of the work done by non-Academicians over that submitted by their titular superiors. It would be unkind to mention names, for the Royal Academy is an institution of which we all, English and Americans alike, feel proud.

We do not demand that an Academician should be a genius; we are quite satisfied if he can draw correctly, has moderately good taste, and can spread his colors agreeably. The great mass of work in this exhibition is of a class which advanced "French School" people affect to despise, but which I confess to enjoying very much—I mean pictures that tell a story. For instance, the widow who has her little child by the hand, and is offering her last jewel to a pawnbroker; or Andrew Gow's picture of some cavaliers on the sea-shore waiting the arrival of Prince Charlie; or a little beggar-boy brought in to receive a bowl of porridge in a laborer's cottage. The hundreds of pictures telling their story and reflecting the times in which we live are, after all, doing for this generation what Phidias did for his when he put into marble the healthy men and women of his acquaintance in Athens 500 years B.C.

America is fairly well represented this year, though no single picture calls for much notice, excepting possibly George Boughton's, wherein he depicts two charming young ladies, in the dress of the fifteenth century, issuing out upon the market-place from a cathedral, wherein they have been listening to midnight mass. The coloring is excellent, as well as the drawing.

Abbey's painting of Hamlet in the play scene is good as a drawing, or rather cartooning, but as a painting not satisfactory. It would be a splendid thing for a wall decoration.

The most striking exhibit, in the sense that it was different from anything there, and distinctly superior to anything with which it could be compared, was Frederic Remington's bronze group representing an American dragoon supporting a wounded comrade, as their horses travel side by side. This Royal Academy is singularly generous to our artists, and it would be wholly wrong to assume that the work of any American was slighted by reason of jealousy. But it is unfortunate that Remington's work could not have been upon a stand about which visitors could move, so as to study this original work from all sides.

The Academy as a whole is this year well worthy of the large attention it will attract owing to the Queen's Jubilee. The work is of an excellent average, though few of the well-known names are attached to paintings of any exceptional merit.

POULTNEY BIGELOW.

THIS BUSY WORLD

THE first Saturday in May was rainy this year, and very few May parties appeared in Central Park until the Saturday following. On that day there were dozens of them, mostly from the East Side, and a charming sight they were—kings and queens marching under canopies, followed by little processions of girls in white and boys in clean clothes, and both with caps of white, or blue and white, or other proper May-day colors.

Does every one know about these May-day parties in Central Park? To one observer at least whose childhood was passed in the country they were the first actual May parties he had ever seen, and gave him emotions analogous to what he might have experienced if he had stumbled upon a tournament of the middle ages, or some other such celebration, entirely familiar to every reader of history, poetry, or romance, but never actually viewed. Tennyson's poem beginning,

> You must wake and call me early, call me early, mother dear,

bears familiar testimony to the existence in England of a May-day that is or was a popular institution. But was it ever an institution in this country? Not in New York State certainly; not in New England, so far as the present paragrapher ever heard; and if not in New England or New York, not in those parts of the West into which the habits of New England and the old Middle States were transplanted. Is not New York's May-day in Central Park of European origin, and of comparatively recent importation or development? Besides the delightful manifestations of it that one may see in the Park, it prevails downtown on the East Side, where, on Saturdays in May, May parties are to be seen in the streets trooping off behind a leader, not critical about their surroundings or destination, but content if they find a scraggy city tree somewhere to be the centre of their sports.

At a meeting of the Central Labor Union last week Bishop Potter's remarks on the Monday previous, at the supper of the Church Association for the Advancement of Labor, were discussed. Delegate Dempsey thought that "a man in Bishop Potter's position with the nerve to say what he did is entitled to our thanks." Delegate McGill thought that the Bishop had said nothing very radical, and did not consider him a champion of labor, but three-fourths of the delegates voted to send Bishop Potter a letter of thanks.

If the Central Labor Union has reason to believe that it knows what the Bishop really said at that much-discussed supper, it has the advantage of most of the community. After being variously extolled and reviled in the newspapers for the sentiments attributed to him, he declared, just before leaving for Europe, that the comments made upon him were based on fictitious statements. The indications are that he said nothing that was adapted to hurt the feelings of either labor or capital; though it does appear that he admitted that machinery had incidental drawbacks, and that the altered conditions of modern society separated working-men from their employers.

It seems to be decidedly unsafe to base an opinion of any public utterance of any clergyman on the report of such utterance which may be given in any newspaper. Bishop Potter, as has been noted, felt that the criticisms that had been made on his remarks were based on inaccurate reports of what he said. Bishop Sessums of New Orleans, who is reported to have stirred up the Protestant clergy of all denominations in that city by a Lenten sermon which impressed his neighbors as being heretical, made answer to a protest against the exposition of Christianity attributed to him in the *Picayune*, that "no newspaper report of his Lenten address was authorized, and the fragment on which the protesting ministers base their discussion had various points in which his opinion was not accurately reported. There was no intention in the report to misrepresent the Bishop, and it had only those defects which inevitably accompany a report by a mind not trained in theology when handling theological points."

The attention which newspapers pay to the utterances of eminent clergymen, especially when they seem to express views somewhat out of common, bears interesting testimony to the opinion of the press as to the interest of the public in theology. That it should be attended with sundry embarrassments is only to be expected, since the more abundant the embarrassments by which a report is attended, the "newsier" such report must be esteemed to be.

Some pious persons have regretted that the Founder of Christianity made His stay on earth at a time when the science of recording current events was still in its infancy. They would gladly have fuller reports of what He said and did than the four evangelists have handed down. Their feeling is not unnatural, but still there seems abundant reason to consider that Christianity did well in getting a long start of the printing-press, and especially of those marvellous developments of it which run by steam at such amazing speed, and spit out completed newspapers at the rate of so many hundreds a minute.

The Londoners seem to have developed a personal liking for Mr. Rudyard Kipling. News comes that his election to the Athenæum Club has been "jammed through" without much deference to the sentiments of a considerable cohort of gentlemen whose names are on the club's waiting list.

The American Servant-Girls' Association, reported to have been organized in Kansas City about a month ago, is credited with these "objects":

> To advance the social standing of the laboring-girl. To protect the servant-girl against the infamous black-listing system adopted by mistresses generally. To secure for the servant-girl a revised system of household duties and the payment of a fair remuneration for her services. To secure for servant-girls the consent of all employers for a half-holiday each week, and for the privilege of enjoying freedom from bondage on the Sabbath-day. To provide a means of concerted action whenever occasion requires such action. To furnish employment for the unemployed members, and to care for them when disabled.

The association is stated to be spreading rapidly. Its intentions, as above set forth, seem for the most part reasonable. That the social standing of servant-girls should be at least as high as that of other working-people of equal character and ability is quite as much to the interest of employers of servants as of servants themselves. What "the infamous black-listing system employed by mistresses" may be the association may know. Perhaps it touches on the reluctance of conscientious mistresses to give useful recommendations to servants whose labors have not proved satisfactory. The cure of that would best come through the promotion of a higher standard of efficiency among servants as well as of sounder judgment among mistresses, and those are hard matters to accomplish, and take much time. A half-holiday each week is not an uncommon privilege, but "release from bondage" on Sunday sounds somewhat alarming, though it is the practice of most housekeepers to minimize Sunday work as far as possible.

The personal relation between house-servants and their employers is an element with which any association must find it difficult to deal. Domestic service is bound to go in some measure by favor, and it seems doubtful whether the conditions of it can be much affected by organization on either side. No doubt servant-girls and their mistresses will continue to perplex and disappoint one another, as well as to aid and to succor one another, for generations to come, but the time when the mistress's troubles will be complicated by walking delegates and organized strikes seems not yet to be imminent.

In its issue of April 10 the WEEKLY published portraits of the victors in the Yale-Harvard inter-collegiate debate, and in the debate between representatives of the Harvard Forum and the Columbia Union. A Harvard correspondent thinks that it was not made sufficiently clear in the paragraph accompanying these portraits that the latter debate was not a university affair, and the defeat of the Harvard participants in it was not a university defeat. The great debates of the year in which Harvard took part were those with Yale and Princeton. In these events Harvard "broke even," winning from Princeton and losing to Yale. Her debate with Princeton took place at Princeton on December 18, when she took the negative of the question, "Resolved that the United States ought to institute a responsible cabinet government."

The Duc d'Aumale for the last twenty-five years of his life suffered much from gout, which twisted his hands somewhat out of shape and shrivelled his fingers. In spite of that infirmity, he still wrote a neat and legible hand. At Twickenham, during his periods of exile, while he was at work on studies of his *History of the Princes of Condé*, he wrote upon little scraps of thick note-paper, which were recopied on larger sheets. He bought many pictures in England, which afterwards found place in the galleries of Chantilly, but nearly all are works of French or Italian artists. It has been noted with surprise and some regret that he did not care to enrich his collection with masterpieces of the English painters.

He inherited his great fortune, as is well known, from the Duc de Bourbon, the head of the Condé branch of the Bourbon family. After the duke's son, the Prince d'Enghein, had been shot by order of Napoleon, the duke had no direct heir. In his old age, after being twice married and widowed, he fell into the clutches of a Madame de Feuchères, an English adventuress, who induced him to settle upon her an estate and large sums of money. The story is that she, feeling the need of a friend at court, agreed with Louis Philippe that if he would stand by her she would influence the old duke to make the Duc d'Aumale, who was his godson, his heir. The old duke repined under the domination of his companion, and plotted to run away secretly and escape, but on the morning of the day on which he had planned to go he was found hanging from the window-fastenings in his bedroom. His estates duly went to the Duc d'Aumale, then a child six years old.

There are various stories anent the raising of money by Americans for a Jubilee gift for the Queen of England, but all of them sound apocryphal. One recent tale of this sort discusses a proposition said to be under consideration at Newport to build a summer home there for the British ambassador. The proposal in its present nebulous state seems to combine some Jubilee commemoration with a praiseworthy intention of increasing the value of real estate. The active promoters are said to be Englishmen who live in America, but co-operation is looked for from Americans whose daughters have married in England. It has been suggested that if the scheme should go through and the house be built, the Prince of Wales might run over in his yacht and go ashore informally to visit the embassy.

But the plan, if there ever was any dream of such a plan, won't be carried out. If a number of British subjects living in this country were disposed to make such a gift to the British government they might do it, no doubt, without impropriety; but they are pretty hard-headed people, and not at all hysterical in their loyalty, and if they did make a Jubilee present they would probably put it aboard a British steamer and send it over to the Queen.

It is possible that there are American-born geese enough in America to buy a Newport house for the British embassy, but it is certain that they would not have the hardihood to group themselves on a subscription-list where they could be counted. And finally, the British ambassador is not in the least likely to lend himself to the promotion of a real-estate speculation.

A Mr. Jackson, late of Newark, was recently reported to have hired a hall in St. Louis for the delivery of a "message" to the effect that Colonel Ingersoll would embrace Christianity some time during the present year. The "message" was not issued on the Colonel's authority, but seems to have emanated from Mr. Jackson's inner consciousness. The Colonel's spiritual state is a matter of perpetual concern to cranks, who seem to regard him as the special servant of the Adversary. This view of him is not universal; some thoughtful people are much hopefuler about him. One such person takes issue with an allusion recently made to him in this department of the WEEKLY, and characterizes him as nothing worse than an "injudicious and extreme representative of a real and growing movement."

It is a relief to be assured by such experts in the use of X rays as Dr. William J. Morton and Mr. Tesla that though the X-ray apparatus in inexperienced hands may cause severe and dangerous burns, it does no harm when used with skill and due care. Persons who make a plaything of the X rays are strongly advised to test their powers on inanimate objects, and not to use them in exploration of human interiors until they have learned how.

The officers of the Dante Society of Cambridge are admitting new members to their organization. Professor Charles Eliot Norton is the senior member of the society's council of seven, Professor A. R. Marsh (Cambridge, Massachusetts) is the secretary, and any person may become a member by sending him the annual fee of five dollars. The society is fifteen years old. Its purposes when it began included "the encouragement and promotion of the study of Dante's life and works, the obtaining a copy of Benvenuto da Imola's *Comment*, the publication of a good collated comment on the 'Divina Commedia,' the translation into English of Dante's prose works, the collection of a library of Dantesque literature, the occasional publication of worthy papers on Dantesque subjects, and the furthering of other projects of a similar nature." It has obtained the copy of Benvenuto da Imola's *Comment* which it wanted, has begun the translation of Dante's prose works, and formed an excellent collection of Dantesque literature, which it has deposited in the Harvard University library. It has also prepared general and annual bibliographies which have proved of great value to students of Dante; but the work of which it seems most proud is the publication of Dr. Fay's *Concordance of the Divina Commedia*, which is considered by some scholars to be the most valuable commentary on the "Divine Comedy" in existence. Its aim in enlarging its membership is to increase its revenues and enable it to make further publications. It admits foreign members on the payment of annual dues of one guinea.

Chicago, which never lacks something to brag of, will presently have a considerable basis for self-congratulation in the magnificent boulevard along the shore of Lake Michigan which is to connect it with Milwaukee. This beautiful road will be eighty miles long, and promises to be the most notable stretch of roadway along a waterfront in the country. Eighty miles is over-long for a drive, but it is just a comfortable morning stretch for a contemporary bicyclist. New York's beautiful Riverside Drive, even when the new viaducts have lifted it over Ninety-sixth Street, carried it over the wide gully from 128th to 134th Street, and extended it to 156th Street, will still seem microscopic compared with this Chicago road, though it will be long enough for most practical purposes, and almost unmatched in beauty.

Toronto, in Canada, has long been a rival of Scotch Edinburgh as a paradise of Sabbatarians. No Sunday newspapers are published there and no street cars run on Sunday. The lack of local Sunday papers seems to be endured with proper stoicism, but there is a strong sentiment in favor of Sunday transportation, and a fight is going on now about it. If a majority of the voters demand Sunday street cars they may have them, but it is understood to be rather unlikely that a majority favorable to them can be found. Advocates of a change say that without cars people find it hard even to get to church, while poor people who cannot afford carriage hire are unable to get to the cemeteries or into the suburbs for fresh air. Of course the prohibition of Sunday cars bears hardest on the poor, but it also causes an increased use of other vehicles so great as to involve about as much Sunday labor as if the cars were run. Among the opponents of Sunday street cars are people who see no objection to using their own private carriages on Sunday; but that is one of the customary inconsistencies of extreme Sabbatarian convictions.

It would be a rash assertion that Barnard College had received as much as she needed of anything, nevertheless it does appear that Mrs. Josiah M. Fiske's recent gift of $140,000 will provide her with all the shelter for which she has immediate need. Barnard, as may be remembered, bought the land close by Columbia University which is bounded by 119th and 120th streets, Claremont Avenue, and the Boulevard. She has now in course of construction and nearly completed, Milbank Hall, on 120th Street, and its east wing, Brinckerhoff Hall, on the Boulevard. The west wing, Fiske Hall, on Claremont Avenue, for which Mrs. Fiske has now provided, will complete the building, as what space remains on the 119th Street side is to remain open, except for the colonnade and cloister, through which is the entrance to the court and the main entrance to the whole building.

So Barnard has house-room enough for the present, and cannot build any more unless she buys more land. She still needs, however, a million dollars for an endowment, and a round number of odd thousands for furniture, professorships, current expenses, and various special uses.

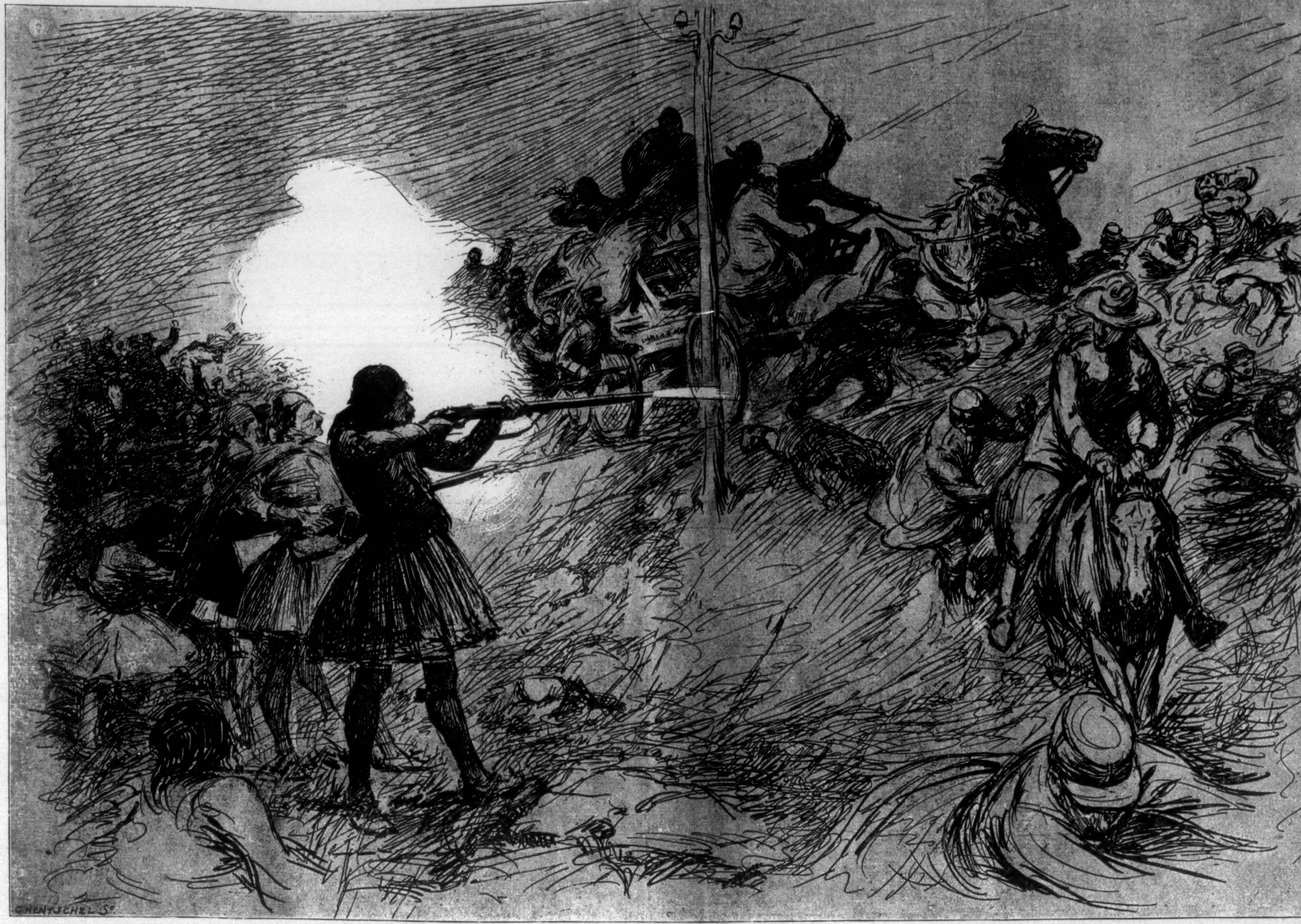
The Academy of Design hopes to establish in its new building on Cathedral Heights a Historical Gallery to contain representative works of the early American painters. For this collection it has received from Mr. John D. Crimmins an oil-painting (from the Marshall O. Roberts collection) by R. Caton Woodville, entitled "Mexican War Views," and from Mr. S. P. Avery a study of a nude figure in crayon by Jonathan Trumbull. It hopes for other such gifts of the works of the early American painters from public-spirited citizens who appreciate the importance of its aims and work.

Competitive plans for its new building are to be submitted early next October. At its meeting on May 12, William H. Lippincott, Walter L. Palmer, and William H. Howe were elected Academicians, and W. T. Smedley, Bruce Crane, R. W. Van Boskerck, Frank Russell Green, and Howard Russell Butler, Associates.

Mr. Cannon, chief clerk of the College of Agriculture at Cornell University, bears courteous evidence to the prevalence and effectuality of the WEEKLY in a letter in which he says:

> I do not like to let the chance go by to congratulate you upon the eager way your paper is read. The little notice you inserted regarding our Nature-Study work has fetched inquiries from regions as remote as Minnesota, Kansas, and Kentucky.

E. S. MARTIN.



THE GRECO–TURKISH WAR—PANIC-STRICKEN BEHAVIOR OF THE EVZONE REGIMENT DURING THE NIGHT RETREAT TO LARISSA.—[See Page 525.]

Alarmed by a bolting Cavalry Horse some one raised the Cry, "The Turkish Cavalry is upon us," and the Evzones, posted on each Side of the Road to guard the Hospital and Baggage-Trains, began firing wildly in every Direction, causing the mad rout that Ensued.

JEROME—A POOR MAN.*

BY MARY E. WILKINS,

AUTHOR OF "PEMBROKE," "JANE FIELD," "MADELON," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY A. I. KELLER.

CHAPTER XXX.

LUCINA did not go into her aunt Camilla's house again that afternoon. She crossed the fields, her aunt's garden, skirted the house to the road, thence home.

When she entered the south door her mother met her. "Why didn't you wait until it was cooler?" she asked; then, before the girl could answer: "What is the matter? Why, Lucina, you have been crying!"

"Nothing," replied Lucina, piteously, pushing past her mother.

"Where are you going?"

"Up stairs to my chamber." With that Lucina was on the stairs, and her mother followed.

The two were a long time in Lucina's chamber; then Abigail came down alone to her husband in the sitting-room.

The Squire, who was alert as any fox where his beloved daughter was concerned, had scented something wrong, and looked up anxiously when his wife entered.

"She isn't sick, is she?" he asked.

"She will be if we don't take care," Abigail replied, shortly.

"You don't mean it!" cried the Squire, jumping up. "I'll go for the doctor this minute. It was the heat. Why didn't you keep her at home, Abigail?"

"Sit down, for mercy's sake, Eben," said Abigail. She sat down herself as she spoke, and crossed her little slender feet and hands with a quick involuntary motion which was usual to her. "It is as I told you," said she. Abigail Merritt, good comrade of a wife though she was, yet turned aggressively feminine at times.

The Squire sat down. "What do you mean, Abigail?"

"I mean—that I wish that Edwards boy had never entered this house."

"Abigail, you don't mean that Lucina— What *do* you mean, Abigail?" finished the Squire, feebly.

"I mean that I was right in thinking some harm would come from that boy being here so much," replied his wife. Then she went on and repeated in substance the innocent little confession which Lucina had made to her in her chamber.

The Squire listened, his great bearded chin sunk on his chest, his forehead under the crest of yellow locks bent gloomily.

"It seems as if you and I had done everything that we could for the child ever since she was born," he said, huskily, when his wife had finished. His first emotion was one of cruel jealousy of his daughter's love for another man.

Abigail looked at him with quick pity, but scarcely with full understanding. She could never lose, as completely as he, their daughter through a lover. She had not to yield her to another of the same sex, and in that always the truest sting of jealousy lies.

"So far as that goes, it is no more than we had to expect, Eben," she said; "you know that. I turned away from my parents for you."

"I know it, Abigail; but—I thought maybe it wouldn't come yet awhile. I've done all I could. I bought her the little horse—she seemed real pleased with that, Abigail, you know. I thought maybe she would be contented awhile here with us."

"Eben Merritt, you don't for a minute think that she can be anywhere but with us, for all this!"

"It's the knowledge that she's willing to be that comes hard," said the Squire, piteously—"it's that, Abigail."

"I don't know that she's any too willing to," returned Abigail, half laughing. "The principal thing that seems to trouble the child is that Jerome won't come to see her. I rather think that if he would come to see her, she would be perfectly contented."

"And why can't he come to see her, if she wants him to—will you tell me that?" cried the Squire, with sudden fervor.

"Eben Merritt, would you have the poor child getting to thinking more of him than she does, when he isn't going to marry her?"

"And why isn't he going to marry her, if she wants him? By the Lord Harry! Lucina shall have whoever she wants, if it's a prince or a beggar! If that fellow has been coming here, and now—"

"Eben, listen to me and keep quiet," cried Abigail, running at her great husband's side, with a little wiry constraining hand on his arm, for the Squire had sprung from his seat, and was tramping up and down in his rage that Lucina should be denied what she wanted, even though it were his own heart's blood. "You know what I told you," Abigail said. "Jerome is behaving well. You know he can't marry Lucina; he hasn't a penny."

"Then I'll give 'em pennies enough to marry on. The girl shall have whom she wants, I tell you that, Abigail."

"How much have you got to give them until we are gone, even if Jerome would marry under such conditions, and I told you what he said to Lucina about it," returned his wife, quietly.

"I'll go to work myself, then," shouted the Squire; "and as for the boy, he shall swallow his damned pride before he gives my girl an anxious hour. What is he to say he will or will not, if she lifts her little finger? By the Lord Harry! he ought to go down on his face like a heathen when she looks at him!"

"Eben," said Abigail, "will you listen to me? I tell you Jerome is behaving as well as any young man can. I know he is, from what Lucina has told me. He loves her, and he is proving it by giving her up. You know that he cannot marry her unless he drags her into poverty, and—you know how much you have to help them with. You know, too, that, good as Jerome is, and worthy of praise for what he has done, Lucina ought to do better than marry him."

"He is a good boy, Abigail, and if she's got her heart set on him, she shall have him."

"You don't know that her heart is set on him, Eben. I think the best thing we can do is to send her down to Boston for a little visit. She may feel differently when she comes home."

"I won't have her crossed, Abigail. Was she crying when you left her?"

"She will soon be quiet and go to sleep. I am going to make some toast for her supper. Eben, where are you going?"

The Squire had set forth for the door in a determined rush.

"I am going to see that boy and know what this work means," he cried, in a loud voice of wrath and pity.

However, Abigail's vivacious persistency of commonsense usually overcame her husband's clumsy headlongs of affection. She carried the day at last, and the Squire subsided, though with growls of remonstrance, like a partially tamed animal.

"Have your way and send her down to Boston, if you want to, Abigail," said he; "but when she comes back she shall have whatever she wants, if I move heaven and earth to get it for her."

So that day week Jerome, going one morning to his work, stood aside to let the stage-coach pass him, and had a glimpse of Lucina's fair face in the wave of a blue veil at the window. She bowed, but the stage dashed by in such a fury of dust that Jerome could scarcely discern the tenor of the salutation. He thought that she smiled, and not unhappily. "She is going away," he told himself. "She will go to parties, and see other people, and forget me." He tried to dash the bitterness of his heart at the thought with the sweetness of unselfish love, but it was hard. He plodded on to his work, the young springiness gone from his back and limbs, his face sternly downcast.

As for Lucina, she was in reality leaving Upham not unhappily. She was young, and the sniff of change is to the young as the smell of powder to a war-horse. New fields present always wide ranges of triumphant pleasure to youth.

Lucina, moreover, loved with girlish fervor the friend, Miss Rose Soley, whom she was going to visit in Boston.

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 2089.

She had not seen her for some months, and she tasted in advance the sweets of mutual confidences. That morning Jerome's face was a little confused in Lucina's mind with that of a rosy-cheeked and dark-ringleted girl, and young passion somewhat dimmed by gentle affection for one of her own sex.

Then, too, Lucina had come, during the last few days, to a more cheerful and hopeful view of the situation. After all, Jerome loved her, and was not that the principal thing? Perhaps in time it would all come right. Jerome might get rich. In the mean time she was in no hurry to be married and to leave her parents, and if Jerome would only come to see her, that would be enough to make her very happy. She thought that after her return he would very probably come. She reasoned, as she thought astutely, that he would not be able to help it when he saw her after a long absence. Then she had much faith in her father's being able to arrange this satisfactorily for her, as he had arranged all other matters during her life.

"Now don't you fret, Pretty," he had said when she bade him good-by. "Father will see to it that you have everything you want."

And Lucina, all blushing with innocent confusion, had believed him.

In addition to all this, she had in her trunks strapped at the back of the stage-coach two fine new silk gowns, and one muslin, and a silk mantilla. Also, she carried a large blue bandbox containing a new plumed hat and veil, which cheered her not a little, being one of those minor sweets which providentially solace the weak feminine soul in its unequal combat with life's great bitternesses.

Lucina was away some three months, not returning until a few days before Thanksgiving; then she brought her friend Miss Rose Soley with her, and also a fine young gentleman with long curling fair locks and a face as fair as her own.

While Lucina was gone Jerome led a life easier in some respects, harder in others. He had no longer the foe of daily temptation to overcome, but instead was the steady grind of hunger. Jerome in those days felt the pangs of that worst hunger in the world—the hunger for the sight of one beloved. Some mornings when he awoke it seemed to him that he should die of mere exhaustion and starvation of spirit if he saw not Lucina before night. In those days he would rather have walked over fiery ploughshares than to have visited any place where he had seen Lucina and where she now was not. He never went near the wood where they had sat together; he would not pass, even, if he could help it, the Squire's house, or Miss Camilla's. His was one of those minds for whom, when love has once come, place is only that which holds or is vacant of the beloved. He was glad when the white frost came and burned out the gardens and the woodlands with arctic fires of death, for then their associations with old scenes were in a measure lost.

One Sunday, after the frost, when the ground was shining stiff with it as with silver mail, and all the trees thickened the distance as with glittering furze, he went to his woodland, and found that he could bear the sight of the place where he and Lucina had been together, its strangeness of aspect seemed to place it so far in the past.

Jerome threw up his head in the thin, sparkling air. "I will have her yet," he said, quite aloud; and "if I do not, I can bear that."

He felt like one who would crush the stings of fate, even if against his own heart. He had grown old and thin during the last weeks; he had worked so hard and resolutely, yet with so little hope; and he who toils without hope is no better than a slave to his own will. That day when he went home his eyes were bright and his cheeks glowing. His mother and sister noticed the difference.

"I was afraid he was gettin' all run down," Ann Edwards told Elmira, "but he looks better to-day."

Elmira herself was losing her girlish bloom. She was one who needed absolute certainties to quiet distrustful imaginations, and matters betwixt herself and Lawrence Prescott were less and less on a stable footing. Lawrence was working hard; she should not have suspected that his truth toward her flagged, but she sometimes did. He did not come to see her regularly. Sometimes two weeks went past, sometimes three, and he had not come. In fact, Lawrence endeavored to come only when he could do so openly.

"I hate to deceive father more than I can help," he told Elmira; but she did not understand him fully.

She was a woman for whom the voluntary absence of a lover who yet loves was almost an insoluble problem, and in that Lucina was not unlike her. She was not naturally deceptive, but when it came to love she was a Jesuit in conceiving it to sanctify its own ends.

The suspense, the uncertainty as to whether her lover was coming or not, was beginning to tell upon her. Every nerve in her slight body was in an almost constant state of tension.

It was just a week from that day that Jerome and Elmira, being seated in meeting, saw Lucina enter with her parents and her visiting friends. Jerome's heart leaped up at the sight of Lucina, then sank before that of the young man following her up the aisle. "He is going to marry her. She has forgotten me," he thought, directly.

As for Elmira, she eyed Miss Rose Soley's dark ringlets under the wide velvet brim of her hat, the crimson curve of her cheek, and the occasional backward glance of a black eye at Lawrence Prescott, seated directly behind her. When meeting was over, she caught Jerome by the arm. "Come out, quick," she said, in a sharp whisper, and Jerome was glad enough to go.

Lucina's guests spent Thanksgiving with her. Jerome saw them twice, riding horseback with Lawrence Prescott, Lucina on her little white horse, Miss Soley on Lawrence's black, the strange young man on the Squire's sorrel, and Lawrence on a gray.

Lucina colored when she saw Jerome, and reined her horse, lingering behind the others; but he did not seem to notice it, and never looked at her after his first grave bow. Then she touched her horse, and galloped after her friends with a windy swirl of blue veil and skirts.

Jerome wondered if his sister would hear that Lawrence Prescott had been out riding with Lucina and her friends. When he got home that night, he met Belinda Lamb coming out of the gate; when he entered, he saw by Elmira's face that she had heard. She was binding shoes very fast; her little face was white, except for red spots on the cheeks, her mouth shut hard. Her mother kept looking at her anxiously.

"You'd better not worry till you know you've got something to worry about; likely as not they asked him to go with them 'cause Lucina's beau don't know how to ride very well, and he couldn't help it," she said, with a curious aside of speech, as if Jerome, though on the stage, was not to hear.

He took no notice, but that night he had a word with his sister after their mother had gone to bed. "If he has asked you to marry him, you ought to trust him," said he. "I don't believe his going to ride with that girl means anything. You ought to believe in him until you know he isn't worthy of it."

Elmira turned upon him with a flash of eyes like his own. "Worthy!" she cried. "Don't I think he would be worthy if he did leave me for her? Do you think I would blame him if he did leave anybody as poor as I am, worked 'most to skin and bone, of body and soul too, for anybody like that girl? I guess I wouldn't blame him, and you needn't. I don't blame him; it's true, I know he'll never come to see me again, but I don't blame him."

"If he doesn't come to see you again, he'll have me to hear from," Jerome said, fiercely.

"No, he won't. Don't you ever dare speak to him, or blame him, Jerome Edwards—I won't have it." Elmira ran into her chamber, leaving an echo of wild sobs in her brother's ears.

The day after Thanksgiving Lucina's friends went away. When Jerome came home that night Elmira's face wore a different expression, which Mrs. Edwards explained with no delay.

"Belinda Lamb has been here," she said, "and that young man is that Boston girl's beau; he ain't Lucina's, and Lawrence Prescott 'ain't nothing to do with it. He was up there last night, but it wa'n't anything. Why, Jerome Edwards, you look as pale as death!"

Jerome muttered some unintelligible response, and went out of the room, with his mother staring after him. He went straight to his own little chamber, and standing there in the still, icy gloom of the winter twilight, repeated the promise which he had made in summer.

"If you are true to me, Lucina," he said, in a straining whisper—"if you are true to me—but I'll leave it all to you, whether you are or not—I'll work till I win you."

CHAPTER XXXI.

ON the evening of the next day Jerome went to call on Lawyer Eliphalet Means. Lawyer Means lived near the northern limit of the village, on the other side of the brook.

Jerome, going through the covered bridge which crossed the brook, paused and looked through a space between the side timbers. This brook was a sturdy little torrent at all times; in spring it was a river. Now, under the white concave of wintry moonlight, it broke over its stony bed with a fierce persistency of advance. Jerome looked down at the rapid, shifting water hillocks and listened to their lapsing murmur, incessantly overborne by the gathering rush of onset, then nodded his head conclusively, as if in response to some mental question, and moved on.

Lawyer Eliphalet Means lived in the old Means house. It upreared itself on a bare moon-silvered hill at the right of the road, with a solid state of simplest New England architecture. It dated back to the same epoch as Doctor Prescott's and Squire Merritt's houses, but lacked even the severe ornaments of their time.

Jerome climbed the shining slope of the hill to the house door, which was opened by Lawyer Means himself; then he followed him into the sitting-room. A great cloud of tobacco smoke came in his face when the sitting-room door was thrown open. Through it Jerome could scarcely see Colonel Jack Lamson, in a shabby old coat, seated before the blazing hearth fire, with a great tumbler of rum and water on a little table at his right hand.

"Sit down," said Means to Jerome, and pulled another chair forward. "Quite a sharp night out," he added.

"Yes, sir," replied Jerome, seating himself.

Lawyer Means resumed his own chair and his pipe, at which he puffed with that jealous comfort which comes after interruption. Colonel Lamson, when he had given a friendly nod of greeting to the young man, without removing his pipe from his mouth, leaned back his head again, stretched his legs more luxuriously, and blew the smoke in great wreaths around his face.

This sitting-room of Lawyer Means's was a scandal to the few matrons of Upham who had ever penetrated it. "Don't look as if a woman had ever set foot in it," they said. The ancient female relative of Lawyer Means who kept his house had not been a notable housekeeper in her day, and her day was nearly past. Moreover, she had small control over this particular room.

The great apartment, with the purple clouds of tobacco smoke, which were settling against its low ceiling and in its far corners, transfused with golden gleams of candles and rosy flashes of firelight, dingy as to wall-paper and carpet, with the dust of months upon all shiny surfaces, seemed a very fortress of bachelorhood, wherein no woman might enter.

The lawyer's books in the tall cases were arranged in close ranks of strictest order, as were also the neatly ticketed files of letters and documents in the pigeon-holes of the great desk; otherwise the whole room seemed fluttering and protruding out of its shadows with loose ends of paper and corners of books. All the free lines in the room were the tangents of irrelevancy and disorder.

The lawyer, puffing at his pipe, with eyes half closed, did not look at Jerome, but his attitude was expectant.

Jerome stared at the blazing fire with a hesitating frown; then he turned with sudden resolution to Means. "Can I see you alone a minute?" he asked.

The Colonel rose, without a word, and lounged out of the room; when the door had shut behind him, Jerome turned again to the lawyer. "I want to know if you are willing to sell me two hundred and sixty-five dollars' worth of your land," said he.

"Which land?"

"Your land on Graystone brook. I want one hundred and thirty-two dollars and fifty cents' worth on each side."

"Why don't you make it even dollars, and what in thunder do you want the land on two sides for?" asked the lawyer, in his dry voice, threaded between his lips and pipe.

Jerome took an old wallet from his pocket. "Because two hundred and sixty-five dollars is all the money I've got saved," he replied, "and—"

"You haven't brought it here to close the bargain on the spot?" interrupted the lawyer.

"Yes. I knew you could make out the deed."

Means puffed hard at his pipe, but his face twitched as if with laughter.

"I want it on both sides of the brook," Jerome said, "because I don't want anybody else to get it. I want to build a saw-mill, and I want to control all the water-power."

"I thought you said that was all the money you had."

"It is."

"How are you going to build a saw-mill, then? That money won't pay for enough land, let alone the mill."

"I am going to wait until I save more money; then I shall buy more land and build the mill," replied Jerome.

"Why not borrow the money?"

Jerome shook his head.

"Suppose I let you have some money at six per cent.; suppose you build the mill, and I take a mortgage on that and the land?"

"No, sir."

"Why not? If I am willing to trust a young fellow like you with money, what is your objection to taking it?"

"I would rather wait until I can pay cash down, sir," replied Jerome, sturdily.

"You'll be gray as a badger before you get the money."

"Then I'll be gray," said Jerome. His handsome young face, full of that stern ardor which was a principle of his nature, confronted the lawyer's, lean and dry, deepening its shrewdly quizzical lines about mouth and eyes.

Means looked sharply at Jerome. "What has started you in this? What makes you think it will be a good thing?" he asked.

"No saw-mill nearer than Westbrook, good water-power, straight course of brook, below the falls can float logs down to the mill from above, then down to Dale. People in Dale are paying heavy prices for lumber on account of freight; then the railroad will go through Dale within five years, and they will want sleepers, and—"

"Perhaps they won't take them from you, young man."

"I have been to Squire Lennox in Dale; he is the prime mover in the railroad, and will be a director, if not the president; he has given me the refusal of the job."

"Where will you get your logs?"

"I have bargained with two parties."

"Five years is a long time ahead."

"It won't be, if I wait long enough."

"You are a damned fool not to borrow the money. The railroad may go through in another year, and all the standing wood in the county may burn down," said Means, quietly.

"Let 'em, then," said Jerome, looking at him.

The lawyer laughed.

When Jerome went home he had in his pocket a deed of the land, but on the right bank of the brook only, the lawyer having covenanted not to sell or build upon the left bank. Thus he had enough land upon which to build his mill when he should have saved the money. He felt nearer Lucina than he had ever done before. The sanguineness of youth, which is its best stimulant for advance, thrilled through all his veins. He had mentioned five years as the possible length of time before acquisition; secretly he laughed at the idea. Five years! Why, he could save enough money in three years, in less than three years—in two years. It had been only a short time since he had made the last payment on the mortgage, and he had saved his two hundred and sixty-five dollars. A saw-mill would not cost much. He could build a great part of it himself.

That night Jerome truly counted his chickens before they were hatched. All the future seemed but a nest for his golden hopes. He would work and save; he was working and saving. He would build his mill. As he thought farther, the foundation-stones were laid, the wheel turned, and the saw hissed through the live wood. He would marry Lucina; he saw her in her bridal white—

All this time, with that sublime cruelty which man can show to one beloved when working for love's final good, and which is a feeble prototype of the higher method, Jerome gave not one thought to the fact that Lucina knew nothing of his plans, and, if she loved him as she had said, must suffer. When, moreover, one has absolute faith in and knowledge of his own intentions for the welfare of another, it is difficult to conceive that the other may not be able to spell out his actions toward the same meaning.

Jerome really felt as if Lucina knew. The next Sunday he watched her come into meeting with an exquisite sense of possession, which he imagined her to understand.

When he did not go to see her that night, but instead sat happily brooding over the future, it never once occurred to him that it might be otherwise with her.

All poor Lucina's ebullition of spirits from her pleasant visit, her pretty gowns, and her fond belief that Jerome could not have meant what he said, and would come to see her after her return, was fast settling into the dregs of disappointment.

Night after night she put on one of her prettiest gowns, and waited with that wild torture of waiting involving uncertainty and concealment, and Jerome did not come. Lucina began to believe that Jerome did not love her; she tried to call her maidenly pride to her aid, and did so in a measure. She stopped putting on a special gown to please Jerome should he come; she stopped watching out for him; she stopped healing her mind with hope in order that it might be torn open afresh with disappointment; but the wound remained and gaped to her consciousness, and Lucina was a tender thing. She held her beautiful head high, and forced her face to gentle smiles, but she went thin and pale, and could not sleep of a night; and her mother began to fret about her, and her father to lay down his knife and fork and stare at her across the table when she could not eat.

Squire Eben at that time ransacked the woods for choice game, and himself stood over old Hannah or his wife broiling the delicate birds, that they be done to a turn, and was fit to weep when his pretty Lucina could scarcely taste them. Often, too, he sent surreptitiously to Boston for dainties not obtainable at home—East India fruits and jellies, and such—to tempt his daughter's appetite, and watched her with great frowns of anxious love when they were set before her.

One afternoon, when Lucina had gone up to her chamber to lie down, having left her dinner almost untasted, though there was a little fat wild bird, and guava jelly

served on a china plate, and an orange and figs to come after, the Squire beckoned his wife into the sitting-room and shut the door.

"D'ye think she's going into a decline?" he whispered. His great frame trembled all over when he asked the question, and his face was yellow-white. Years ago a pretty young sister of his, whose namesake Lucina was, had died of a decline, as they had termed it, and ever since death of the young and fair had worn that guise to the fancy of the Squire. He remembered just how his young sister had looked when she was fading to her early tomb, and to-day he had seemed to see her expression in his daughter's face.

Abigail laid her little hand on his arm. "Don't look so, Eben," she said. "I don't think she is in a decline; she doesn't cough."

"What ails her, Abigail?"

Mrs. Merritt hesitated. "I don't know that much ails her, Eben," she said, evasively. "Girls often get run down; then they spring up again."

"Abigail, you don't think the child is fretting about—that boy again?"

"She hasn't mentioned his name to me for weeks, Eben," replied Abigail; and her statement carried reassurance, since the Squire argued, with innocent masculine prejudice, that what came not to a woman's tongue had no abiding in her mind.

His wife, if she were more subtle, gave no evidence of it. "I think the best plan would be for her to go away again," she added.

The Squire looked at her wistfully. "Do you think it would, Abigail?"

"I think she would brighten right up, the way she did before."

"She did brighten up, didn't she?" said the Squire, with a sigh. "Well, maybe you're right, Abigail; but you've got to go with her this time. The child isn't going away, looking as she does now, without her mother."

So it happened that a week or two later Jerome, going to his work, met the coach again, and this time had a glimpse of Abigail Merritt's little sharply alert face beside her daughter's pale flowerlike droop of profile. He had not been in the shop long before his uncle's wife came with the news. She stood in the doorway, quite filling it with her voluminosity of skirts and softly palpitating bulk, holding a little fluttering shawl together under her chin.

"They've gone out West, to Ohio, to Mis' Merritt's cousin's, Mary Jane Anstey that was; she married rich years ago, and went out there to live, and Abigail 'ain't seen her since. She's been teasin' her to come for years; her own folks are all dead an' gone, an' her husband is poorly, an' she can't leave him to come here. Camilla she paid the expenses of one of 'em out there. Lucina's been real miserable lately, an' they're worried about her. The Squire's sister that she was named for went down in a decline in six months, so her mother has taken her out there for a change, an' they're goin' to make a long visit. Lucina is real poorly. I had it from 'Lizy Wells; Camilla told her."

Jerome shifted his back toward his aunt as he sat on his bench. His face, bent over his work, was white and rigid.

"You're coldin' of the shop off, Belindy," said Ozias.

"Well, I s'pose I be," said she, with a pleasant titter of apology, and backed off the threshold and shut the door.

"That's a woman," said Ozias, "who 'ain't got any affairs of her own, but she's perfectly contented an' happy with her neighbors', taken weak. That's the kind of woman to marry if you 'ain't got anythin' to give her—no money, no interests in life, no anything."

Jerome made no reply. His uncle gave a shrewd glance at him. "When ye can't eat lollypops, it's jest as well not to have them under your nose," he remarked, with seemingly no connection; but Jerome said nothing to that, either.

He worked silently with fierce energy the rest of the morning. He had not heard before of Lucina's ill health. She had not been to church the Sunday before, but he had thought nothing serious of that. Now the dreadful possibility came to him,—suppose she should die and leave his world entirely, of what avail would all his toil be then? When he went home that noon he ate his dinner hastily, then on his way back to the shop left the road secretly, crossed into a field, and sat down in the wild solitude on a rock humping out of the dun roll of sere grass-land. Always in his stresses of spirit Jerome sought instinctively some closet which he had made of the free fastnesses of nature.

The day was very dull and cold; snow threatened should the weather moderate. Overhead was a suspended drift of gray clouds. The earth was stark as a corpse in utter silence. The stillness of the frozen air was like the stillness of death and despair. A fierce blast would have given at least the sense of life and fighting power. "Suppose she dies," thought Jerome—"suppose she dies?"

He tried to imagine the world without Lucina, but he could not; for, with all his outgoing spirit, his world was too largely within him. For the first time in his life the conception of the death of that which he loved better than his life was upon him, and it was a conception of annihilation. "If Lucina is not, then I am not; and that upon which I look is not to me," was in his mind.

When he rose he staggered, and could scarcely see his way across the field. When he entered his uncle's shop Ozias looked at him sharply. "If you're sick you'd better go home and go to bed," he said, in a voice of harsh concern.

"I am not sick," said Jerome, and fell to work with a sort of fury.

As the days went on it seemed to him that he could not bear life any longer if he did not hear how Lucina was, and yet the most obvious steps to hear he did not take. It never occurred to him to march straight to the Squire's house and inquire of him concerning his daughter's health. Far from that, he actually dreaded to meet him, lest he read in his face that she was worse. He did not go to meeting, lest the minister mention her in his prayer for the sick; he staid as little as possible in the company of his mother and sister, lest they repeat sad news concerning her; if a neighbor came in, he got up and left the room directly. He never went to the village store of an evening; he ostracized himself from his kind lest they stab him with the confirmation of his agonizing fear. For the first time in his life Jerome had turned coward.

One day when Lucina had been gone about a month he was coming home from Dale when he heard steps behind him and a voice shouting for him to stop. He turned and saw Colonel Jack Lamson coming with breathless quickening of his stiff military gait.

When the Colonel reached him he could scarcely speak; his wheezing chest strained his coat to exceeding tightness, his face was purple, he swung his cane with spasmodic jerks. "Fine day," he gasped out.

"Yes, sir," said Jerome. It was near the end of February, the snow was thawing, and for the first time there was a suggestion of spring in the air which caused one, with the recurrence of a habit of mind, to listen and sniff as for birds and flowers.

The two men stepped along, picking their way through the melting snow. "The doctor has ordered me out for a three-mile march every day. I'm going to stent myself," said the Colonel, still breathing hard; then he looked keenly at Jerome. "What have you been doing to yourself, young fellow?" he asked.

"Nothing. I don't know what you mean."

"Nothing! Why, you have aged ten years since I last saw you."

"I am well enough, Colonel Lamson."

"How about that deed I witnessed? Have you got enough money to build the mill yet?"

"No, I haven't," replied Jerome, with a curious tone of defiance and despair which the Colonel interpreted wrongly.

"Oh, don't give up yet!" he said, cheerfully. "Rome wasn't built in a day, you know."

Jerome made no reply, but trudged on doggedly.

"How is she?" asked the Colonel, suddenly.

Jerome turned white, and looked at him. "Who?" he said.

The Colonel laughed with wheezy facetiousness. "Why, she, *she*. Young men don't build nests or saw-mills unless there's a she in the case."

"There isn't—" began Jerome. Then he shut his mouth hard and walked on.

"It's only my joke, Jerome," laughed the Colonel; but there was no responsive smile on Jerome's face. Colonel Lamson eyed him narrowly. "The Squire had a letter from his wife yesterday," he said, with no preface. Then he started, for Jerome turned upon him a face as of one who is braced for death.

"How—is she?" he gasped out.

"Who, Mrs. Merritt? No, confound it all, my boy, she's better. Hold on to yourself, my boy, I tell you she's better."

Jerome gave a deep sigh, and walked ahead so fast that the Colonel had to quicken his pace. "Wait a minute," he panted; "I want a word with you."

Jerome stopped, and the Colonel came up and faced him. "Look here, young man," he said, with sudden wrath, "if I thought for a minute you had jilted that girl I wouldn't stop for words; I would take you by the neck like a puppy, and I'd break every bone in your body."

Jerome squared his shoulders involuntarily; his face, confronting the Colonel's, twitched. "I'll kill you, or any other man, who dares to say I did," he cried, fiercely.

"If I hadn't known you didn't, I would have seen you damned before I'd spoken to you," returned the Colonel. "But what I want to ask now is, what in thunder are you doing?"

"I'd like to know what business 'tis of yours!"

"What in —— are you doing, my boy?" repeated the Colonel.

There was something ludicrous in the contrast between his strong language and his voice, into which had come suddenly a tone of kindness which was almost caressing. Jerome, since his father's day, had heard few such tones addressed to him, and his proudly independent heart was softened and weakened by his anxiety and relief over Lucina.

"I am—working my fingers to the bone—to win her, sir," he blurted out, brokenly.

"Does she know it?"

"Do you think I would say anything to her to bind her when I might never be able to marry her?" said Jerome, with almost an accent of wonder.

The Colonel whistled and said no more, for just then Belinda Lamb and Paulina Maria came up, holding their petticoats high out of the slush.

The two men walked on to Upham village, the Colonel straight as if at the head of a battalion, though his lungs pumped hard at every step, holding back his square shoulders, protruding his tight broadcloth, swinging his stick airily, Jerome at his side, burdened like a peasant with his sheaf of cut leather, but holding up his head like a prince.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE LAKE MICHIGAN CAR-FERRY STEAMER "PÈRE MARQUETTE" IN THE RIVER AT MANITOWOC, WISCONSIN.

LAKE MICHIGAN CAR-FERRY.

LAKE MICHIGAN is in width from sixty to ninety miles. Its depth is nine hundred feet. Although at times obstructed by ice in the winter months, steamers continually cross between the Michigan and Wisconsin shores. The prevailing winds drift the ice to the Michigan coast, and at times it has an almost arctic aspect.

The railroads that terminate at Michigan ports have lately begun to run ferries across this wide rough lake. The ferries carry from twenty-four to thirty cars at a single trip.

The newest of this class of boats is the *Père Marquette*, whose water route is from Ludington, Michigan, to Manitowoc, Wisconsin. This steamer, built of steel by the Flint and Père Marquette Railroad, powerful as a warship, and capable of forcing her way through the heaviest ice, is 390 feet long, 56 feet beam, and of 5580 tons gross tonnage. She has six water-tight compartments, two engines of 4000 horse-power, and driving twin screws. She is fitted with tracks that hold thirty cars securely against any movement in tempestuous weather. She has, besides, comfortable cabin accommodations for passengers, and makes easily four trips across the lake each twenty-four hours. Vessels like the *Père Marquette* practically bridge Lake Michigan, extending the rails from shore to shore, and shorten, by more than a hundred miles, the distance between New York and St. Paul and the Northwest.

THE "PÈRE MARQUETTE" IN HER SLIP RECEIVING A TRAIN OF CARS.

MUSIC AND DRAMA

A GERMAN musical critic recently delivered himself of a curious professional observation. Discussing the traits of a new romantic opera, he found fault with its libretto because it could not satisfactorily answer for itself as presenting "characters and situations of which music would be a natural expression—a matter which a good librettist ought always carefully to keep in mind, from the first draft of his plot to the last line of text." This is really a startling bit of conservatism indeed! Henceforth let rebuke be the portion of all librettists who disregard this Teutonic hint. Also let us lament the fact that the great makers of opera-books, from Metastasio and Calzabigi to Gilbert or Illica, were so exceedingly careless of an important professional nicety. Since when have opera-books been concocted, since when scores composed, that illustrate such a theory? To what earthly character presented on the lyric stage, to what situations embodied in the most representative opera, could music be considered a "natural" expression? What standard operas suggest to us that in their construction were primarily selected and carpentered together episodes that "naturally" would express themselves in music? A few serenades, drinking songs, church scenes, and the like afford slender argument. The suspenseful prison scene in Beethoven's *Fidelio*, the escape of William Tell,

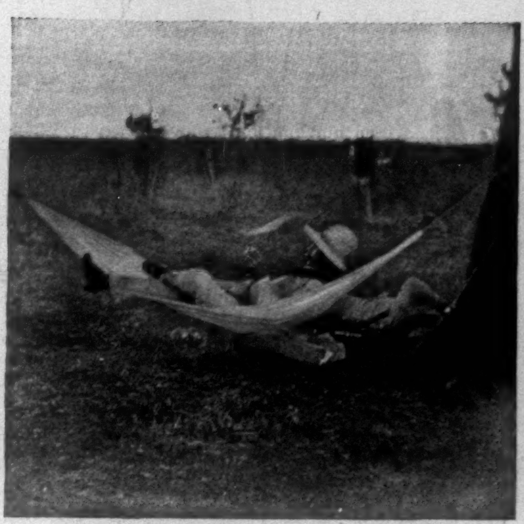
"TAKING THE STARCH OUT OF CIVIL SERVICE REFORM."

the sand-storm that whelms Assad in Goldmark's *Queen of Sheba*, the Benediction of the Daggers in *The Huguenots*, Carmen's cajoleries and fate, the voyage to Cornwall of Tristan and Isolde—are these admirably interesting situations "natural" to expression in music? Would a Violetta, a Marguerite, La Gioconda—would Valentine, Elcazar, Rienzi, Romeo—anybody whose type is perfectly clear to us, and who is perfectly effective as set in lyric drama—be conceived as showing in music their natural self-expression rather than in speech? Never in the world! Surely the total artificiality and absurdity of all operatic dialogue and soliloquy were long ago admitted. It is wholly an unnatural business. It is as ridiculous in Mozart, Beethoven, Bizet, or Wagner as it is in Offenbach. No sane man or woman, as a "natural expression," will ever love, hate, rave, regret in music, in preference to using spoken words. No dramatic or other situation, operatically treated, is in touch with "natural" conditions, save for perhaps a moment or so. Some types and emotions seem more foreign to all and any lyric utterance than do others, even allowing for a general convention in opera. To say that much is well and good. It seems undoubtedly less ridiculous to sing love than to sing politics, to deliver a rhapsody of wrath in music than to lecture on higher astronomy or conic sections in *aria parlanta*. There are degrees in most things, and degrees even in the opera's delightful, absurd unnaturalness. But to attempt to build an opera or a music-drama as one does the spoken drama, on the foundation of a real relation to music as a natural vehicle of dramatic expression, would stifle operatic life, would be irritatingly impracticable and wholly wide of artistic necessity or artistic common-sense.

"My dear," asked a wife of a husband with a notoriously poor memory, "did you mail that letter I gave you this morning?" "Yes—that is to say, no," answered the delinquent, "I haven't exactly mailed it, but I've made all the necessary preparations." Whatever the practical outcome for opera next winter at the Metropolitan, the necessary preparations for an official season there, and for many more to follow, are making satisfactorily. Possibly Mr. Grau and the directors of the Opera-House may not take the field themselves before the winter of 1898–9. But their paths will be a good deal straighter and smoother toward carrying on official seasons whenever the formal resumption shall be made. The "Maurice Grau Opera Company" has been incorporated, and the following officers elected: Maurice Grau, president; Edward Lauterbach, vice-president; Charles Frazier, treasurer; and H. Goerlitz, secretary. The directors are Messrs. Edward Lauterbach, Robert Dunlap, Roland F. Knoedler, Henry Dazian, Charles Frazier, Maurice Grau, and B. Franklin de Freece. (Another associate is rather expected—Mr. Frank W. Sanger.) The new association thus presents decidedly a theatrical aspect. Its capital is stated at $150,000. A form of a lease of the Opera-House for a three years' term was read and approved. The day after this election a business meeting was held of the stockholders of the dissolving Abbey, Schoeffel, & Grau firm. Directors for the affairs of that organization were chosen identical with the board managing it last year, except as to the inclusion of the Messrs. Milward Adams of Chicago and F. C. Prentiss, who were elected to fill the vacancies caused by the deaths of Mr. Abbey and Mr. Steinway. The reports and accountings were heard and accepted, the financial statement mentioning the fact that the loss on the season was $12,348 16; and also that had not the supplementary guarantee fund ($31,000) been raised by Mr. Grau, the company would have failed. The withdrawal of the association from operatic enterprises was announced; and a resolution was passed releasing Mr. Grau and Mr. Schoeffel from their promises not to give opera as a private enterprise. This puts Mr. Grau in an excellent situation for taking hold of the Metropolitan's affairs whenever it may be convenient.

E. Irenaeus Stevenson.

THE VETERAN CAPTAIN AND HIS SHELTER.



A NAP AFTER BREAKFAST.

A COOK PEELING BANANAS.

CAMP COOKS CUTTING MEAT.

ASISTENTE COOKING OFFICER'S MEAL.

TITO, AN ASISTENTE, GOING FOR WATER.

THE TRUMPETER.
A conspicuous Figure in the Camp.

CIGAR-MAKING IN CAMP.

MEMBERS OF THE LIBERATING ARMY.

LUXURIOUS QUARTERS.
A Strip of Oil-Cloth stretched between Trees, serving as a Tent.

PREPARING BREAKFAST.

ONE OF OUR CAMPING-PLACES.

WITH THE CUBAN INSURGENTS—CAMP LIFE WITH GOMEZ AND HIS LIBERATING ARMY.
From Photographs by Thomas Robinson Dawley, Jr., our Special Correspondent.—[See Page 518.]

WITH THE CUBAN INSURGENTS.—II. CAMP LIFE WITH GOMEZ.

Not till the trumpeter sounded tattoo was I reminded of anything military at the headquarters of the Liberating Army. The challenge of the guard had been a simple "Who goes?" rendered in a matter-of-fact way, as though to ask, "Who are you?" and then, instead of any exchange of military salutes, a genial hand-shaking was all. Guns were conspicuous by their absence. Smith's lay in the grass with his saddle-bags, and I presume the rest of the army had theirs in like places.

As I sat on the ground and ate the supper finally sent me by the colonel who had so earnestly endeavored to find "the deposit for correspondents," I remarked to Smith that I thought fifty good men could come in and clean us all out. He objected, naturally; being one of the Liberating Army, he did not think it could be done so easily. Notwithstanding our differences, he shared with me his two stakes driven into the hard prairie, between which he had suspended a bit of cotton cloth, tied up at each end with a rope, and called a hammock. Stretched over it he had a strip of what had once been an oil-cloth, such as is sometimes used for covering tables in a cheap restaurant. It had done him service for upwards of a year to keep off sun, dew, and rain, and had evidently seen its best days.

When I unwound my hammock, a dollar-and-a-half affair which I had brought from Key West, various members of the army gathered about and examined it, and pronounced it a wonderfully fine thing, and while some proposed making a trade with me, others wandered away murmuring that I must be very rich.

Of course the two hammocks tied to the same stakes swung quite close together, but, being two compatriots met under circumstances so peculiar, and having so much to talk about, we scarcely heeded the inconvenience.

Then the soft notes of the *clarin* floated out upon the night air, and the familiar old sound of "Silencio!" hushed the murmuring voices gathered about the flaming fires.

The bugle sounded reveille at five; it was before daybreak, and the trumpeter's "tra-a-tre-tung," rolling across the savanna, cut the morning mist with the familiar call.

Boots and saddles sounded at daybreak, and the rising sun glinted upon ragged men, both white and black, engaged in rolling up hammocks and gathering up pots and kettles and frying-pans. Horses were saddled and pack-mules loaded, and again the trumpeter blew his blast, and we mounted our horses. As no place was assigned me, I followed my pack-mule, which was loaded with my photographing outfit, until some one came and relieved me of my impediment by putting him with the rest of the animals in the pack-train.

I reviewed the army (unofficially). It seemed to be forming into three divisions. Smith rode off and took his place with the body of horsemen called the escolta. This was the commander-in-chief's body-guard, consisting of seventy men, armed with carbines and fairly well dressed, although no particular uniform was observed. These men formed line in double rank, facing the general's headquarters, on the right. On the left of the escolta another line of armed men formed, and I learned that this body constituted a regiment bearing the name Victoria. Many of these men were in undress uniform — that is, they were scarcely dressed at all—and although bearing the formidable title of Victoria Regiment, they counted just sixty horse.

In the rear of these two bodies of armed horsemen there formed another and much larger body of mounted men, without arms; and in the absence of an abundant supply of soap and water, it would be hard to say whether the majority of them were white or black. They constituted the pack-train and non-combatants, designated generally as *impedimenta*, and consisted of cooks, mule-drivers, camp servants, and such like. Their dress frequently consisted of a sort of skirt made out of an old sack, and while some were clad in a half of a trousers leg on each leg, others preferred to wear their half-pair of trousers all on one leg, letting the other limb go bare.

As these three divisions formed, the commander-in-chief (the "old man," as he is called) came out from his clump of bushes under the palm-tree. He wore an ordinary soft, narrow brim, gray felt hat, with a ten-cent Cuban coat of arms pinned on the front of it. A pair of tan-colored boots covered his black trousers half-way up the leg, and a dark-colored blouse completed his attire. He was surrounded by his staff, a dozen or more well-dressed and intelligent-looking men. And this was the whole outfit, one hundred and thirty armed men, besides the staff and *impedimenta*, constituting the Liberating Army which Weyler had been pursuing for some months past, ostensibly with thirty thousand Spanish soldiers.

Gomez, mounted on a handsome white horse, rode off with his staff, his escort following. Then the Victoria Regiment dropped into line, and the irregular-looking *impedimenta* came shuffling on in the extreme rear. There was no rear-guard—neither an advance-guard, for that matter—and thus we rode, no one knowing where, except the "old man" himself.

The ride was a short one—perhaps a distance of two miles. Gomez halted, and pointing to a clump of bushes, signified his intention of stopping there. Then he blew his whistle, and the individual members of the escolta and the Victoria Regiment scattered over the savanna and selected camping-places, under the trees when there were trees to be found, and those who could not find trees waited for their servants to drive down stakes, between which they hung their hammocks.

The *impedimenta* came up and dispersed, each servant or *asistente* seeking the spot selected by his officer. Horses were tethered in the grass without being unsaddled, and so were the cargo-mules, only their loads being removed. The few who were fortunate enough to have a strip of cloth or oil-cloth and a hammock were soon provided with a comfortable shelter. Others went without.

I found camp life with Gomez usually a monotonous affair. It consisted chiefly of eating, drinking, and sleeping, until notified that the Spaniards were coming, and then it was a question of getting up and getting out.

The amount that a soldier can eat when campaigning is surprising, and he is always hungry. I remember having read somewhere that if you give a soldier rations for seven days he will eat them all up the first day. The truth of this I have had demonstrated to me on a number of occasions, and, indeed, I have experienced the tendency myself.

Like the Spanish army, Gomez has no organized commissary department. He depends entirely upon the country for the feeding of his men. In the cattle lands about Sancti Spiritus there are still numbers of cattle left roaming about, so that we always found an abundance of beef. There were some sweet-potatoes, yucas, and even corn planted in the prefecturas hidden in the woods bordering the savannas where we usually camped, but these were at the disposition of the officers. I was allowed the special privilege of sending my *asistente* on a foraging expedition whenever necessary, and with the aid of Smith's *asistente*, who did the cooking, we fared pretty well. Nevertheless, like good soldiers, in spite of the abundance of meat, a good supply of sweet-potatoes and honey, we were almost always hungry. I sometimes wondered if it were not the absence of breadstuffs that caused this.

Our camping-places were always selected, first, with the care of procuring grazing for the horses. Water was the next thing to be obtained, although for the sake of good grass we sometimes camped a mile or two from this necessary element. When water was scarce our horses were given the pith of the corojo-palm, which supplied them both food and drink. Cattle were to be found wherever there was grass, and the necessary number of beef was slain daily for our consumption. The butchering was done by taking off the hide and stripping the meat from the bones. The remainder of the carcass was usually burned, first covering it with dry wood and brush.

Every officer and every soldier belonging to the escolta has an *asistente;* some of them have two, and even four. Their duties are to go for water, to do the cooking and packing up, and to get out of the way first when the Spaniards come, though they are always last when on a march. They carry no arms, unless it be a butcher-knife, and they constitute the bulk of the so-called *impedimenta.* As none of them is in this special branch of service by force, the most of them belong to that class of patriots who would rather make an attempt at working than fighting.

The camp cooking for the officers is done in iron kettles suspended over the fires, and consists of about the same thing day after day—beef fried or stewed, and fried sweet-potatoes, or boiled sweet-potatoes with honey.

Some of the men form a camp together, and rig up what they call a *parrilla.* This consists of four stakes driven into the ground, supporting a frame of green sticks laid like the bars of a gridiron. A beef carcass is carved up and laid upon the frame, and a fire built underneath; the meat is left to roast. Thus roasted, it is left over the fire for two or three days, or at least until it is devoured by the hungry rebels, who are at liberty to help themselves whenever they desire to do so.

When there was nothing to disturb us we breakfasted, as they do in all Spanish countries, about ten o'clock. Instead of coffee early in the morning our *asistente* made us what is called by the rebels "canchancha," or Cuba Libra. This is a drink made by boiling a little wild honey in water. Sometimes we were able to obtain a little coffee, but it was rare in the camp of Gomez, though the "old man" always kept a supply on hand for his personal use.

After breakfast it was the custom for all hands to crawl into the shade and to go to sleep. Gomez was no exception to this rule. While I was with him he spent most of his time in his hammock. His clerk attended to his official correspondence, and when required to sign it, he did so without leaving his recumbent position. Sometimes he received a batch of newspapers, and these he would look over with careless interest.

Occasionally some one would turn up in camp with leaf tobacco, which he would offer to trade for something that he might be in need of. On the morning after my joining the Liberating Army a veteran captain, whose picture figures in my collection, brought me two or three handfuls of the stuff. I had no use for it, but noting the wistful way in which my newly found camp-mate eyed it, I bargained for it, and obtained possession of it for four silver dollars. Smith was delighted. He sent for a negro who understood twisting it into cigars, and had him prepare half of it for smoking; the other half he ate up: and it all lasted him just about four days; then he sighed for more.

One of the conspicuous figures about the camp was the trumpeter, who paraded about in the boots that had belonged to the unfortunate American Mr. Crosby, killed at the battle of Santa Teresa. He took a special pride in telling me that he wore my countryman's boots. Another had his field-glasses, and Gomez himself was using his fountain-pen.

Some of our camping-places were very pretty spots, situated on the bank of a river and dotted with the beautiful royal palm, a tree which, when necessary, will furnish a dozen men with a substantial meal. There are some twenty-six varieties of the palm in Cuba, any one of which, I believe, furnishes a food, yet Weyler proposes to starve the rebels into submission. The Liberating Army, however, seem to enjoy their rustic life, and entertain no fears of being either whipped or starved. They get along admirably well on beef meat, and when this is gone they say that they will eat *jutias.* This is a species of raccoon somewhat resembling a rat, but very large, which abounds throughout the island. If there are hogs in the vicinity of the camping-ground, pig-hunting on foot or on horseback is the order of the day.

They do not dare to use their guns, so the hog is chased till brought down with the machete, or some nimble-footed rebel succeeds in overtaking the quarry, when, throwing himself bodily upon the hog, catching it in a vise-like embrace, the two roll over together till the one vanquishes the other, amid the squeals of the pig and the yells of the delighted spectators.

The one thing that I have heard the rebels complain of most bitterly is their lack of clothing. The country supplies them with everything except clothing, and it would supply them with this if they only knew enough to spin and to weave the cotton which grows freely wherever the seed may be cast. Their hats they make from the bud of the palm, as they do also a variety of bridle reins, and ropes are spun from the bark of trees. Shoes are made from their abundant cowhides, but they have not yet learned or discovered the art of manufacturing cloth with which to cover their nakedness. The few negroes who are in the army do not seem to care much whether their nakedness is covered or not, but the white Cuban worries very much about it.

Thomas Robinson Dawley, Jr.

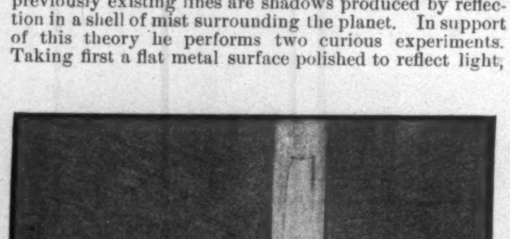
ANOTHER THEORY ABOUT MARS.

Those remarkable lines on Mars, which are called by some "canals," and by others "belts of irrigation," are sufficiently mysterious in the mere fact of their existence; but the mystery deepens when, as occurs with many of them, they appear for a time as double lines distinctly marked and perfectly parallel. The "double canals" cut across others like themselves, running in all directions, just as they do when they are seen only as single lines.

The doubling of the canals is a much more rapid process than that of their first appearance as single lines. Sometimes the duplication takes place in a manner that may almost be described as sudden. It is evidently a less stable and constant phenomenon than the system of single canals, although it is necessarily connected with the latter; and in all cases one member of each pair of double lines is an original single canal, which has been duplicated by the appearance of a twin running beside it, at a distance from two to six times its own width.

While there are not so many recorded observations of duplicated canals as of single ones, yet there can be little or no doubt of the existence of the phenomenon. The fact that it is comparatively ephemeral naturally suggests an atmospheric cause. If the original canals are something existing on the surface of the planet, due to the presence of water or vegetation, and making their appearance only at certain seasons when the water flows or the vegetation flourishes, the duplications, on account of their brief visibility and their rapid coming and going, would seem to arise from some still more transient cause. It is conceivable that the atmosphere of Mars could furnish that cause, though it is not easy to say exactly how.

Recently Monsieur Stanislas Mennier, a French savant, has suggested a way in which the Martian atmosphere may produce the phenomenon of duplication of the canals, and has backed up his suggestions with experiments which are illustrated by the pictures reproduced herewith from *La Ilustracion Española y Americana.* Monsieur Mennier's idea is that the duplicates appearing beside the previously existing lines are shadows produced by reflection in a shell of mist surrounding the planet. In support of this theory he performs two curious experiments. Taking first a flat metal surface polished to reflect light,



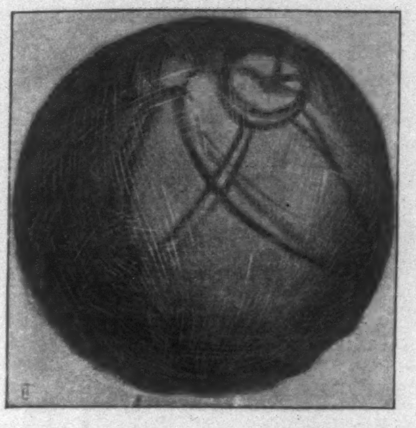
THE FLAT METAL SURFACE COVERED WITH FINE MUSLIN, USED BY MENNIER, SHOWING HIS ARTIFICIAL IMITATION OF THE DOUBLING OF THE CANALS OF MARS.

he draws upon it lines imitating the canal system of Mars without duplication. Then he stretches over the metal mirror thus prepared and marked, at the height of only a few millimetres, a piece of very fine and transparent muslin. Now, upon illuminating the surface of the metal with sunshine or some other bright light, he sees the lines drawn on the metal duplicated by parallel shadows on the muslin; and since the perpendicular distance between them is not great, they appear like pairs of lines on the same surface. The origin of the shadows on the muslin is easily explained when one considers that the dark lines on the mirror reflect no light back to the gauzy screen above, while all the surface around them does reflect a brilliant light.

Next Monsieur Mennier varies the experiment and increases the verisimilitude to Mars by substituting for the flat mirror a polished metal globe, on which the Martian canals have been faithfully imitated with dark lines. When the muslin is, in manner as before, stretched close above the surface of the globe, and the latter is illuminated, the real lines again streak the translucent screen with shadows parallel to themselves, and the phenomenon of duplication is repeated even more strikingly than in the first experiment.

The explanation of the varying phenomena of the duplicated canals of Mars which Monsieur Mennier bases on his interesting experiments will readily occur to the mind of the reader. It is that at certain times the veil of vapor in the Martian atmosphere acquires sufficient opacity to behave practically in the same manner as the gauze surrounding his illuminated metal sphere, and the general surface of the planet being bright with sunshine while the canal lines are dark, the latter produce shadows in the mist above them, which shadows are seen from the earth as duplicates of the original lines, and furnish the proof. A thickening or thinning of the vapor may suffice to increase or decrease the visibility of the shadows.

Our ingenious Frenchman even goes so far as to imitate.



METALLIC GLOBE COVERED WITH FINE MUSLIN, USED BY MENNIER, SHOWING HIS ARTIFICIAL IMITATION OF THE DOUBLING OF THE CANALS OF MARS.

with his artificial planet and his extemporized layer of translucent mist, certain peculiar appearances of the duplicate canals which puzzled their discoverer, Signor Schiaparelli of Milan. The latter observed that occasionally two adjoining canals, one of which he had beheld in the act of forming beside its previously existing partner, did not remain exactly parallel, and sometimes one of them would appear to be distorted. These effects Monsieur Mennier imitates by imparting a slight wavy motion to his sheet of muslin. It has also been observed that the distance between a pair of canals is sometimes greater at one end than at the other. This effect also is produced with the shadows on the muslin, when the latter is placed higher above the surface of the globe at one side. Similarly the phenomenon of temporary displacement of the canals is imitated with the artificial model.

Of course all this is still mere theory, and notwithstanding the remarkable resemblances that Monsieur Mennier has succeeded in producing, we do not yet know enough about Mars to pronounce positively on the real value of his suggestive experiments. But it may be said that his idea of the cause of the duplication of the Martian markings is not more extraordinary than the best of the theories which have yet been put forth to account for the original canals themselves. The atmosphere of Mars is a puzzling thing, and observations concerning it have led to widely divergent, not to say contradictory, opinions. Some hold that there is no evidence of clouds or mist or watery vapor in any form on Mars, except such as may be inferred from the existence of white caps, presumably snow, around its poles. Others think they have seen clouds in the Martian atmosphere, and even measured their height, and observed their progress across the so-called continents and oceans beneath them—the sweep, it might be imagined, of a great storm.

If there are intelligent creatures dwelling amid the strange scenes which our eyes behold when we turn our telescopes to Mars, our interest in them is certainly heightened by the curious appearances that their world presents—its surface streaked and pied with unaccountable shapes and colors, and its atmosphere apparently playing tricks of which our own, as far as we know, is guiltless.

GARRETT P. SERVISS.

ADVENTURES OF AMERICAN ARMY AND NAVY OFFICERS

V. CAPTAIN BLAZER.

IN the month of August, 1864, General Sheridan was assigned by General Grant to the command of the Union forces in the Shenandoah Valley. I had begun operations in that region in February, 1863, with a detail of about a dozen cavalry, and with this small body as a nucleus, my command had gradually increased to five companies, numbering some two hundred and fifty or three hundred men. The places of rendezvous were along the eastern base of the Blue Ridge, from which detachments would be sent to strike at several points at the same time. In this way the enemy was always kept confused as to our plans, and when they prepared for an attack at one point, they generally received it at another.

The primary object of partisan war should be to neutralize as large a portion as possible of the enemy's force by keeping up a continuous alarm for the safety of his communications and his line of supply. Every man detached from the front to guard the rear of an invading army is so much subtracted from its aggressive strength. The army has to guard every point, while the partisan can select any one for attack. As my command grew in numbers, my attention was largely given to planning and directing enterprises under charge of my most trusted lieutenants. There were two in whom I placed the most implicit confidence, and for that reason they were rarely accompanied by me on an expedition, but generally went in command; they were William Chapman and Adolphus Richards—commonly known as Dolly Richards. By thus giving free scope to their talents, untrammelled by my presence, I was, as General Lee once said to me, able to multiply myself many times. Near the close of the war I was made a colonel, Chapman became my lieutenant-colonel, and Richards my major. Richards had an elder brother, Tom, who was a brave soldier, but had an unfortunate habit of getting wounded, and thus the younger got ahead in the line of promotion. Tom was lying in prison while Dolly was winning his spurs.

To avoid the continuous drain on his strength, caused by the incessant annoyance of the partisan corps in his rear, Sheridan determined to detail a picked body of men whose special duty should be to look after us. If this force should attract our attention away from his army and draw us in pursuit, the diversion would effect almost as much by neutralizing as if it had destroyed us. The Eighth Corps, under General Crook, had lately come from campaigning in West Virginia, and was now under Sheridan in the Shenandoah Valley.

President McKinley was on Crook's staff, and Rutherford B. Hayes, who was afterwards President of the United States, was colonel of one of his regiments. Crook had been greatly annoyed in the wild and mountainous region of West Virginia by irregular bands, and had organized a body of a hundred men selected from different regiments for the purpose of pursuing and suppressing them. They were put under the command of a Captain Blazer, who had once been in charge of a steamboat on the Ohio, and who had won considerable reputation by his boldness and success. In the Eighth Corps it was regarded as being as great a badge of distinction to belong to Blazer's band as to wear the cross of the Legion of Honor. Crook had brought the chosen band with him in the expectation of their winning fresh laurels in the valley. They were exempt from all the drudgery and ignoble duties that fall to the common lot of a soldier. To scout, to fight, to watch and to guard the army from surprises, was all that was expected of them. The following despatch from Sheridan shows the confident hopes with which he accepted their service:

HEADQUARTERS MIDDLE MILITARY DIVISION,
CHARLESTOWN, *August 20th, 1864.*

Major-General C. C. Augur, Commanding department, Washington:

I have one hundred men who will take the contract to clean out Mosby's gang. I want one hundred Spencer rifles. Send them to me if they can be found in Washington. There is no news here. The enemy are about Winchester; they have not gone towards the Potomac, although I left the road open.

[Signed] P. H. SHERIDAN,
Major-General commanding.

[Endorsement.]

Approved. By order of the Secretary of War.

C. A. DANA,
Assistant Secretary of War.

Notwithstanding the fact that Blazer was a brave and active partisan, I never allowed him to divert my attention from my objective point, which was Sheridan's army. To harass and impede the operations of the main body of the enemy was the end I sought to accomplish, and I did not intend to be led off in pursuit of a secondary object. I would not go around chasing a shadow when there was an army of fifty thousand men surrounding me. If I had done so, then Blazer's command would have been an offset to mine. Of course, if at any time our paths had crossed, the collision would have come, and somebody would have been hurt. Blazer was a brave commander, but at the same time a wary one. He would move rapidly from point to point, go into bivouac about midnight, and start off about daybreak. In this way he once saved himself from encountering me.

I was returning in October, 1864, from a successful raid on Sheridan's line, when about daylight I got information that Blazer was camped a few miles off, at Cabletown. Instantly the head of the column was turned that way, and we started off at a trot. Blazer had been roving about the valley so long that my men were anxious to get to close quarters and have a hilt to hilt fight with him. I had exactly eighty men with me, and it was almost impossible to restrain them from going at a gallop. At last, when they got in sight of the smoke from the camp fires, in spite of my efforts to keep their ranks closed up, they rushed to the encounter like an unhooded falcon when it darts on its prey. It was about sunrise. Blazer had broken up his camp about two hours before and gone towards Winchester.

Two successful affairs which Blazer had with detachments of my command had excited the unbounded confidence of himself and his men. Once he got on the trail of a party under the command of Lieutenant Joe Nelson, and came upon them asleep on a sultry day in a cove in the Blue Ridge Mountain. Although surprised, Nelson at first repulsed the attack, but falling from his horse with his thigh broken by a bullet, and there being no other officer to take command, the men scattered. Several were killed, wounded, or captured. Shortly afterwards he had stampeded another small detachment, under Captain Mountjoy, and two of my men, Braxton and Bredell, were killed. Braxton was a grandson of a signer of the Declaration of Independence, and Bredell was a son of a wealthy merchant of St. Louis.

As we hadn't gone hunting especially for Blazer, because we could easily find every day all the people we wanted to fight, he had gotten the impression that my men avoided meeting him. This was really the cause of his downfall. I was a great deal vexed about the affair of Mountjoy's, which I attributed to carelessness.

Early's army had now withdrawn from the lower valley. Sheridan had taken a defensive attitude and gone into winter quarters, and active operations had ceased between the main armies. I determined then to turn my attention to Blazer for a season, and not to allow him to become a naturalized citizen in that region. My plan was to take two squadrons over to the valley—one under Chapman or Dolly Richards to cross the ridge at Ashby's Gap, and I with the other at Snickers Gap—and to keep up communications by means of couriers, while scouts went on ahead to keep us informed of Blazer's movements. In this way I intended to camp on his trail until we closed in on him. On the day my command got ready for the expedition I was suffering with a severe cold and fever, so Chapman was sent one way with his squadron, and Richards in another direction with the other. In each squadron there were about seventy or eighty men. It was a matter of indifference to me which should come first in contact with Blazer. It was black-gum against thunder, but I knew what the result would be. The men felt just as sure before the fight of wiping out Old Blaze, as they called him, as they did after they had done it. It is plain that two such forces as mine and Blazer's could not long move in the same sphere. There was bound to be a collision and a wreck. My men were burning to efface the memories of the two affairs with him and avenge the death of their comrades. They had not understood the strategic reasons that had so long permitted Blazer to rove through the valley unpunished. But the reason for that policy had ceased. The men had a proper respect for the valor of Blazer, and knew that whenever the collision came each foeman might say as truthfully to the other as Scott apostrophised James Fitzjames in the contest with Roderick Dhu:

> Now, gallant Saxon, hold thine own—
> No maiden's hand is round thee thrown.

Two of the best men of the command, Bob Walker and Dr. Sowers, were sent on in advance to scout the country and to report if Blazer was away from camp browsing over the country. The Goddess of Fortune that had so long directed the movements of Blazer deserted him that day—he added his own to the experience of others, "that tempted Fate will leave the loftiest star." The Shenandoah River could not bound his ambition, and he resolved to cross that poetical stream—"the daughter of the stars"—and to go on a sort of Chevy Chase through the hills of Loudon. The scouts soon discovered this, and reported to Richards that Blazer was wending his way back to the valley. Richards, with a small party, went on in pursuit, leaving the main body to be brought up by Lieutenant Harry Hatcher. Two scouts were sent to Cabletown, which was known to be a favorite camping-ground of Blazer's. It was here that I came so near catching him a few weeks before. When the scouts got to Cabletown Blazer had not arrived, but pretty soon his advance came up, and being dressed in gray, surprised and captured one of the scouts, John Puryear. The other escaped, and reported to Richards the presence of Blazer, and that the long-sought-for quarry could be brought to bay.

In the mean time Blazer had learned that Richards's command was in the neighborhood. He was a combative fellow, and immediately started out to find the enemy. About the same time Richards started by another route to charge into Blazer's camp at Cabletown. His scouts soon reported that Blazer was hunting the tiger. He and Blazer had been travelling around in a circle trying to find each other, and it would not take them long to do it. So Richards halted his men near the road along which he knew Blazer was coming, but concealed them behind a skirt of woods. His intention was to burst on him from the woods when he got near, so as to prevent Blazer's men from dismounting and using their Spencer carbines from behind the stone fences. The two thunder-clouds were rapidly drifting together; the collision came, the electric bolt burst, and one vanished forever. Richards's excellent plan was marred by whiskey, of which one of his men had taken too much. As soon as he got a sight of Blazer's people he dashed out of the ranks and fired off his pistol. This attracted Blazer's attention and gave him notice of Richards's position.

Blazer, always ready for a fight, now came rapidly forward, halting at a stone fence when within seventy-five yards of Richards, probably to make a gap to pass through. Richards supposed it was for the purpose of dismounting his men and fighting them on foot behind the stone wall. My men were only armed with pistols, Blazer's with carbines and pistols. Mine had been trained never to stand still to receive a charge, but to always go at full speed against the enemy. Yet they could not charge over a stone wall to get at Blazer, and in their position they were defenceless against his rifles. The moment was critical; a retrograde movement under fire, when men do not understand the reason of it, is apt to result in confusion and panic. Richards ordered Harry Hatcher, commanding Company A, to fall back a short distance over the hill, so as to force Blazer to come out of the woods and from behind the wall into the open. Blazer, seeing this movement, mistook it for a retreat, and dashed forward through a gap in the fence. Tom Richards, commanding Company B, seized the situation at a glance. Without waiting for orders, he charged Blazer just as he got through the gap. This was a surprise to Blazer; he had mistaken a feigned retreat for a flight. Before he could recover from his surprise Tom Richards and his men, with their deadly revolvers, were upon him, and rapidly thinning out his ranks. Harry Hatcher charged with Company A, and soon all was over with Captain Blazer. His men gave way and took to flight. At one point he made a fruitless effort to rally them, but in vain. They kept on in a headlong retreat. Puryear had been captured a few hours before, and as soon as the fight began he knocked down his guard and escaped. Just then one of my men, Johnny Foster, came up and gave him a pistol. Puryear had been very badly treated while a prisoner by a Lieutenant Cole; he was the last to halt in the chase, and Lieutenant Cole was killed. Puryear was indemnified for all the indignities he had received from him.

Blazer was splendidly mounted, and his only hope was in the speed of his horse. Syd Ferguson, Sam Alexander, Captain Maddux, and Powell, four of my best men, were following like hounds on his heels, and for some time they ran neck and neck. A solitary horseman in front was plunging the rowels of his spurs into the flanks of his panting steed. He wore a blue overcoat, which concealed his insignia of rank, so they did not suspect who it was. At last Syd's fine horse forged ahead; he left his companions far behind, and overtook the fleeing horseman. Syd had emptied already every barrel of his two six-shooters. Although but a boy in years, he was an athlete in strength. For a few seconds he and his flying enemy rode side by side; Blazer crouched and laid his head on the neck of his horse. Syd rose in his stirrups and struck him a tremendous blow on the head. The man tumbled to the ground.

Syd never halted to find out the effect of the blow, as there were still a few bluecoats ahead, and he was bent on catching them. The other three men behind Syd passed the man lying flat on his face; they did not stop, for on occasions of this sort their motto was to "let the dead bury the dead," and they thought Syd had killed him. At last the pursuit was over, and they started back to where the fight had commenced. They came upon the man whom Syd had knocked off his horse, still lying prone on his face by the way-side. The men called to him, but received no answer. Syd thought his blow might have stunned, but could not believe it would have killed a man, as it seemed to have done. So he got off his horse and turned the soldier over. He then detected the ruse; the man was playing possum. They made him mount his horse, and started off with him without suspecting who their prisoner was.

Presently they met a citizen who had been captured

"SYD ROSE IN HIS STIRRUPS AND STRUCK HIM A TREMENDOUS BLOW ON THE HEAD."

that morning by the same prisoner, and he immediately recognized his captor—Captain Blazer. Richards had lost a young man (Hudgin) killed and seven slightly wounded; Blazer's loss was twenty-four killed, twelve wounded, and sixty-two prisoners, including himself. In proportion to the number engaged, it was one of the most destructive cavalry fights on record. As a fair and square mounted combat, boot to boot and hilt to hilt, and as an illustration of pluck and tactical skill, nothing in the war surpassed it. As soon as the fight was over, the victors and the vanquished were on the friendliest terms, and the exultation of the fierce warriors was tempered with all the grace of chivalry. Blazer shared the contents of his canteen with Harry Hatcher, and in the refreshing draught they found oblivion of all the trials and dangers of war. That night Blazer and his captors had a high jinks. Richards treated him with all the courtesy that the "Black Prince" showed to his royal captive. Blazer, too, had the consolation of the fallen monarch—if he had lost the battle, he had not lost his honor.

This fight occurred a few miles from Harper's Ferry, and when the news of it reached there, the commandant sent the following report to Colonel Forsyth, Sheridan's Chief of Staff:

HARPER'S FERRY, *November 19th, 1864.*

Lieutenant-Colonel J. W. Forsyth, Chief of Staff, etc., in the field:

COLONEL,—Two of Captain Blazer's men came in this morning, privates Harris and Johnson. They report that Mosby, with 300 men, attacked Blazer near Cabletown yesterday about eleven o'clock. They say that the entire command, with the exception of themselves, was either captured or killed. I have ordered out Major Congdon with 300 Twelfth Pennsylvania Cavalry to Cabletown to bury the dead, take care of the wounded, and report all facts he could learn. Shall immediately furnish report as soon as received.

Respectfully,

[Signed] JOHN D. STEVENSON, Brigadier-General.

A comparison of this despatch with the one sent by Sheridan to Augur, before quoted, suggests what Mr. Webster once said about a famous pronunciamento, "The performance did not quite come up to the manifesto." In a work on the history of cavalry by the Adjutant-General of Canada the fight with Blazer, and another in which Richards commanded a few weeks afterwards at Millwood, are referred to as among the most wonderful cavalry affairs of the world. In a combat which did not last over half an hour more men were killed by our six-shooters than were killed by sabres during the whole Franco-Prussian war.

Shortly afterwards Sheridan sent out two more bodies of cavalry to scour the country infested by us. It was Richards's good luck to meet and to annihilate both; they did not even have the temporary success of Blazer. Richards is now a member of the Louisville, Kentucky, Bar, and has obtained high judicial honors in his adopted State. Blazer, after the war, returned to steamboating, and in 1878 I saw a notice of his death from yellow fever. In his last bloody encounter both he and his adversary bore themselves with a knightly valor that would have added lustre to the fame of King Richard or Saladin. Not long ago I met Syd Ferguson in Fredericksburg, Virginia, at the unveiling of the Mary Washington monument. Long years and wide seas had not dimmed my recollection or my affection for the gallant soldier. We talked of the scenes through which we had passed, and though he is now a follower of the "Prince of Peace," his eyes blazed again with the fire of battle when he described the fight with Blazer. I fear that he momentarily forgot some of the precepts which it is now his duty to teach. If he should read these lines, which I send from the Golden Gate, I trust he may feel a pride in knowing that his old commander still wears his image in his heart of hearts.

JOHN S. MOSBY.

AMATEUR SPORT

The Crescent Athletic Club lacrosse team, recently returned from its sporting invasion of England and Ireland, did not, except in its last games, show the form abroad which it had revealed in its play at home. It has been often so in the history of international matches. Too frequently the visiting team, either because of over-confidence in its prowess or for want of sufficient time, occasionally on both accounts, has agreed to such a schedule as it would not dream of arranging to play on its native heath. But it remained for the Crescent Club to plan a schedule which compressed what would ordinarily constitute an entire season's play into about two weeks of endeavor. Perhaps the best idea of the task this club set its lacrosse team may be gained from a study of the schedule which follows lower in the column.

The team, which left New York March 13, 1897, and arrived at Liverpool March 22, comprised Messrs. James S. Garvin (captain), Cyrus C. Miller, H. McConaghy, Lionel Moses, Edward H. Jewell, Charles F. de Casenova, Aubury McLean, H. S. Parsons, Charles H. Roberts, John P. Curry, Giles Whiting, Dr. M. C. Rose, and the Rev. Dr. J. A. Leighton. A little in-door play in an armory was all the practice the men had before sailing, and as the trip across was continuously rough, the team arrived in England very short of work. In addition to this, there was the further handicap of meeting teams that were just completing their season—English lacrosse begins in October and ends in April.

Judge then how fit were the Americans to take up the burden of such a schedule as the following:

Date.	Opponent.	Victor.	Score.
Mar. 25	West London (South-of-England champions).	Crescents.	7 goals to 3
" 26	Essex County (picked team).	Crescents.	7 " " 1
" 27	London and District.	London.	4 " " 1
" 29	South Manchester.	Manchester.	8 " " 2
" 30	Cheetham.	Crescents.	5 " " 4
" 31	Albert Park.	Crescents.	5 " " 4
Apl. 1	Stockport.	Draw (rain).	....
" 3	Picked Senior Manchester.	Tie.	5 " " 5
" 5	Liverpool and District.	Crescents.	7 " " 0
" 8	Ards (strongest in Ireland).	Ards.	6 " " 1
" 10	United Belfast.	Belfast.	4 " " 3
" 12	North Ireland.	N. Ireland.	4 " " 2
" 20	Ley School and Cambridge.	Crescents.	4 " " 3
" 21	Surrey (picked).	Crescents.	7 " " 3

Résumé—Games played, 14; won, 7; tied, 1; draw, 1; lost, 5.

Letters from the Rev. Dr. Leighton, who filled the position of second attack on the Crescent team, enable us to give a little running comment on the games.

In the West London match the ground was so soft and rough that good lacrosse was almost impossible, and a ragged game resulted in an easy victory for the visitors. West London had good men at both ends of the field, but were very weak in the centre.

The Essex County game was played on level ground heavy from recent rains, and good lacrosse was shown by both sides. Crescent's lack of condition was evident in the London and District game, in which the Londoners played with much more vim and dash, and had decidedly the better of it, though in the second half Crescent braced and did some clever passing and catching.

Curry, one of Crescent's strongest attack players, was too lame to play in the South Manchester game, and the entire team was stale from overwork and railway travel, and the result was a poor exhibition by the Crescents.

Curry was still unable to play against Cheetham, a slightly better team than Manchester, but by desperate work on heavy ground that prevented first-class play, Crescents defeated their opponents, after a hard and stubbornly contested match.

The best game of the English series was that with Albert Park, whose members are young and stocky, fast, good stick-handlers, and play well together. The ground was heavy, though level, and play was swift from start to finish. The Crescent defence men by this time had learned to break up the open English attack, and did so effectively in this game. The Englishmen led by 3 goals to 1 at the end of the first half, but good shooting and passing gave Crescent the victory in the second half.

Although the Manchester team was picked from the twenty Senior clubs thereabouts, Crescent had the better of the play and looked the winner, when within two seconds of time Manchester tied the score by a lucky shot.

By the time the team reached its Irish dates it was pretty well worn. Curry was playing, though really incapacitated; and Miller, who had played with a lame foot since the first game, went under the surgeon's care.

The first match was with Ards, the strongest team in Ireland, and the Americans were completely outplayed. The Belfast and North Ireland teams were not so strong, and the play was much closer, although the Americans were again fairly beaten by superior work and better condition.

Following the Belfast games, the Crescents took a sorely needed week's rest, and when they met Ley School and the Surrey picked teams the benefit of the lay-off was unmistakable—the cripples had recovered, "home" had regained enough strength to shoot hard, and the whole team played in the best form shown on the trip.

Ley is a recruiting-field for Cambridge chiefly, and Oxford to a small extent, and plays lacrosse as enthusiastically as it does football and cricket. Its lacrosse team is in the south-of-England competition, and makes an excellent showing against much older men of the metropolitan teams.

Reviewing the lacrosse tour, there is unmistakable evidence that the Crescents underestimated the strength of English and Irish players, and were ignorant of the progress the game had made in the British Isles. There are upwards of seventy teams in the north of England, while in Manchester it is the most popular game of the winter months. Progress has been slower in and about London, though steady and marked. The Irishmen have developed most skilful play, even though the game has not attained such general popularity; for while there are but about five clubs in Ireland, they have usually won the international event from England, whose representative team is picked from thirty Senior clubs.

In style of play the English differs from American and Canadian; the English attack men are not bunched in running up the field, but spread to right and left of their centre. At first this operated rather disastrously against the Crescent defence, which does not cover the men closely, but it failed against close checking subsequently.

The open play of the English attack entails unnecessary running by the fielders, and the long passes involved are easily intercepted. Their defences cover very closely, but do not clear well, and, in fact, are not, as a rule, good stick-handlers. The combination on the attack has improved in late years, but the passing is, from our point of view, too long and slow, and therefore weak.

The strongest feature of English play—and a very strong feature, too—is their shooting, which is swift and accurate.

The Irishmen play more after the Canadian than the English style. The stick-handling of the older men has more finish; but the game seems to be languishing somewhat, and around Belfast, for example, there is not nearly the same proportion of young and promising players as about Manchester.

Concluding this résumé of the first American lacrosse tour of England, we congratulate the Crescent team upon its excellent showing and plucky work under the circumstances.

Let us hope that its example will serve to bestir Americans into giving, as the Englishman have given, an adequate measure of attention to the one American game which is wholly indigenous.

Meanwhile it is extremely gratifying to note the growing interest at the colleges. The present spring season is marking greater activity than in '96, and last year was an emphatic improvement on '95, and so the sport grows.

Lehigh, the inter-collegiate champion, has again this year a strong team. It recently defeated Harvard, whose team is made up largely of inexperienced though promising players. Johns Hopkins also has a good team, and the future games of these three and Stevens Institute will develop some exciting play.

Of the non-collegiate clubs, the Crescent A. C. and the Montclair A. C. are devoting most attention to lacrosse.

The St. Nicholas Hockey Club closed its season most satisfactorily by defeating (1 to 0) the team of the New York Athletic Club, which had not only twice before defeated it, but won the championship of the Greater New York Hockey League. It was a very fast game, if a little unnecessarily rough, with St. Nicholas at its full strength, while the New York team was weakened by the absence of two of its best players. The play revealed much improvement over that seen earlier in the season, and suggests some work next winter that may rival the best of Canada. The teams lined up as follows:

N. Y. A. C.	Position.	St. Nicholas.
Macrea	Goal	Hewitt
Cassells	Point	Slocum
Fenwick	Cover-point	Wrenn
Bogart	Forward	Chace
Spaulding	Forward	Barron
Pope	Forward	Crowninshield
Smyth	Forward	Callender

American hockey-players should remember, however, that the best of Canadian play has not yet been seen in New York, the team which visited here last winter from Queen's University of Kingston, and defeated the St. Nicholas Club, being in no way representative of first-class Dominion play.

The representative hockey organization of Canada is the Amateur Association, which is membered by these Senior clubs: Victoria H. C. and Shamrock H. C. of Montreal; Montreal H. C.; Ottawa H. C.; Quebec H. C.

The Ontario Hockey Association, of which Queen's won the '97 championship, is composed of Osgoode Hall, Peterboro H. C., Stratford H. C., Toronto University, London H. C., Trinity University, Upper Canada College, Wellington H. C., and Petrolia H. C.—but the two associations are not in the same class.

No Ontario H. A. team has ever, I believe, won against a team in the A. H. A., and it is even probable that the leading teams of the intermediate (or second-class) series

H. S. Parsons. E. H. Jewell. M. C. Rose. Giles Whiting. C. C. Miller.

H. McConaghy. Aubury McLean. Charles H. Roberts. J. A. Leighton. C. F. de Casenova. Lionel Moses. J. S. Garvin. J. P. Curry.

INTERNATIONAL LACROSSE—THE CRESCENT TEAM AND THE WEST-LONDONERS, SOUTH-OF-ENGLAND CHAMPIONS.—Photographed at Woodgreen.

of the A. H. A. could defeat the champions of the Ontario Association.

It follows, therefore, that the New York A. C. and St. Nicholas Club teams have considerable improvement to make before they approach the best of Canadian play.

THE UNUSUAL BOATING ACTIVITY at the universities, and the unprecedented list of races in which college crews will take part this season, furnish most encouraging evidence of the developing interest in American rowing. This means that if the effort is made soon enough, and under the proper auspices, the establishment next year of an American Henley is easily a possibility. There is ample material at the boating universities to ensure success, as the following schedule indicates:

May 15.—Cornell second 'varsity *vs.* Naval Cadets, two miles, at Annapolis. Won by Cornell, two lengths, in 11 m. 15 sec.

May 22.—Yale spring regatta on Lake Whitney, at New Haven.

May 29.—Pennsylvania 'varsity *vs.* Naval Cadets, two miles, at Annapolis.

May 29.—Yale 'varsity and Freshmen *vs.* Wisconsin 'varsity, two miles, at New Haven (Lake Saltonstall).

May 31.—Harlem River regatta, in which Columbia and Pennsylvania and possibly Yale's second 'varsity will compete.

June 23.—Harvard-Yale-Cornell Freshmen, two miles, at Poughkeepsie.

June 25.—Harvard-Yale-Cornell 'varsity, four miles, at Poughkeepsie.

June 30.—Cornell-Columbia-Pennsylvania Freshmen, two miles, at Poughkeepsie.

July 2.—Cornell-Columbia-Pennsylvania 'varsity, four miles, at Poughkeepsie.

OF THE COLLEGE CREWS that will furnish the racing on the Hudson next month it is too early to speak definitely, but at this stage of their development they rank, Cornell, Harvard, Yale, Columbia, and Pennsylvania, and, with the single exception of Yale, each is doing better work than has been usual at this time. This spring has marked extraordinary rowing interest at all the universities. At Cornell there are five crews on the water every afternoon, and a first and second 'varsity, with little difference between them. Yale has a college crew to pace the 'varsity and to develop candidates. So have Harvard and Pennsylvania. Columbia is not so plentifully supplied with material, and has been considerably handicapped in practice for the past two weeks by rough water, but there is nevertheless great improvement in the crew's work over its showing at the same time last year.

Pennsylvania is showing less even work than the others, but here also there is noticeable improvement in the character of the stroke.

Cornell's prospects are very bright. The first 'varsity, with the single exception of Chriswell at No. 2, who has been replaced by Bentley, is the same as that which won last year at Poughkeepsie, and the second 'varsity has beaten it, once at three miles and again at a mile and five-eighths—the Henley distance. The Freshmen are not up to the Cornell standard.

HARVARD HAS NEVER KNOWN such a boating interest as obtains this year, all of which is due to the splendid spirit Mr. Lehmann has aroused in the rowing candidates and in the university generally. Of last year's 'varsity there are but three at present rowing—Captain Goodrich, Perkins, and Sprague—but the candidates for the other seats are above the average in both form and spirit, and the crew is rowing as no Harvard I have ever seen has rowed at this time of the year. The stroke Mr. Lehmann is teaching is long and powerful, the recovery easy and natural, and the catch hard and firm. But this is not to say the crew has mastered it and is above criticism. On the contrary, neither its in-board nor its out-board work is so clean as Cornell's. There is evidence of power, and the spacing is good, and the time fair; but the blade-work is ragged, and some of the men meet their oars. The crew will be chosen, very probably, from J. F. Perkins, Goodrich, Thomson, Wrightington, J. H. Perkins, Sprague, Whitbeck, Boardman, Marvin, and Donald. J. H. Perkins has at present a strained side and is out of the boat, which necessitates some shifting in order to determine upon the best man for No. 5 in case he is not able to return.

YALE'S CREW THIS YEAR is solely in the hands of Mr. Cook, who, since he introduced the English stroke some years ago, has not before had the entire responsibility of an eight from its very beginning. The ground-work and the developing have hitherto been done by that coterie of able coaches, Hartwell, Stevenson, Rogers, Ives, Bolton, and Cowles, with Mr. Cook doing the finishing-work in the last few weeks before the race. It remains to be seen which system is the better. Meanwhile Mr. Cook has labored under great disadvantage, with only two of last year's crew in the boat—Langford and Bailey—and a disposition in some quarters to question his methods of coaching. It may be that Yale has made a mistake in giving her crew entirely into the hands of Mr. Cook, but surely the assumption is unwarranted until substantiated by a season's trial. Meantime all possible support and encouragement should be given Mr. Cook, to which his past services to his *alma mater* certainly entitle him. The crew is not doing so well as usual, nor is it doing so poorly as commonly reported. The stroke has been lengthened with a firm catch and a hard leg drive, and the boat travels fairly smooth and evenly, but seems to lack power. Langford, stroke; Griswold, 7; Allen, 6; Bailey, 5; Greenway, 4; Campbell, 3; Whitney, 2; Rogers, bow—was the order when I saw them last week.

Unless I greatly underestimate the Yale spirit, the old coaches will rally to the crew's support before the season is much farther advanced.

SPACE WAS LACKING last week more than simply to record the result of the Harvard-Pennsylvania track-athletic games. And the meet was sufficiently notable to warrant further reference to it, even though it be made at this later date. It was certainly the most exciting competition that two universities have yet held, the result remaining in doubt up to the very last event. All the performances were first class, and some of them exceptionally good, notably in the sprints, the quarter and half mile runs, the broad and high jumps, and the pole vault. Harvard was unfortunate in the breaking down of Roche in the 100-yard dash, the tumbling of Warren in the low hurdles, the weak work (from sickness) of Shaw in the hammer, and the absence of Grant from the mile, all of which represented a loss of five points.

On the other hand, Pennsylvania suffered the loss of a point through Woodruff's inability (because of a twisted knee) to do himself justice in the shot, and another because of Leslie's poor form in the high jump.

The sprints were very closely contested, and Roche was barely six inches behind Hoffman in the latter's 10-second win of the second trial. In the final 100 yards Roche was on even terms with Hoffman when his leg gave way. In the final 220 yards Denholm was a close second.

Fox, in the 120-yard hurdles, did not equal his practice-work. Warren, in the 220-yard hurdles, ran up to his form, but bungled the last hurdle. Shaw had just got up from an attack of tonsillitis. With these exceptions, every Harvard man worked up to his form, while that of Hollister and E. H. Clark was notable. Clark broke his previous records in the shot, broad jump, and high hurdles.

PENNSYLVANIA'S SHOWING WAS SPLENDID; barring Woodruff, who was seriously handicapped by his lame knee, and Stewart, who is badly off his form, and Leslie, who is uncertain, every member of the team equalled, and several surpassed, expectations. This was particularly true in the 220-yard hurdles, in which McKibbin scored points Pennsylvania did not count on making, and in the broad jump, in which Remington reached the figures his excellent practice-work promised.

HARVARD-UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA DUAL TRACK-ATHLETIC MEET, MAY 8, 1897, AT CAMBRIDGE.

Event. 1st place, 5 points; 2d place, 2 points; 3d place, 1 point.	Harvard.	Univ. of Penn.	Winner.	Performance.
100-yard dash	3	5	R. D. Hoffman	10 sec.
220-yard dash	3	5	R. D. Hoffman	22 2-5 "
440-yard run	8		E. Hollister	50 1-5 "
880-yard run	6*	2	E. Hollister	1 m. 57 2-5 "
One-mile run		8	G. W. Orton	4 " 31 3-5 "
One-mile walk	3	5	W. B. Fetterman	7 " 13 4-5 "
One-mile bicycle	5	3	C. T. Harbeck	3 " 13 "
120-yard hurdles	8		F. B. Fox	16 3-5 "
220-yard hurdles	5	3	W. G. Morse	25 3-5 "
Pole vault	7	1	W. W. Hoyt	11 ft.
16-lb. shot put	2	6	J. C. McCracken	40 " 6 1-2 in.
16-lb. hammer throw	1	7	W. G. Woodruff	134 " 11 "
Running high jump	3	5	J. D. Winsor, Jr.	6 " 2 1-2 "
Running broad jump	3	5	J. P. Remington	22 " 8 "
Total	57	55		

* Orton (Univ. of Penn.), who finished second, was disqualified for fouling Fenn, thus giving third place and an unearned and unexpected point to Harvard.

Generally speaking, the two teams were very evenly matched; Harvard was much the stronger in the middle-distance runs, and Pennsylvania was even more distinctly superior in the mile walk and in the mile run.

Given the full strength of both universities, Harvard's team is about six points the stronger.

THE ABSURD EASE with which Yale defeated Harvard (80 to 24) in the dual track-athletic meeting last Saturday at New Haven becomes really laughable when we consider how very evenly matched the previous performances of the men proved the teams to be. There is an uncertain quality, apparently inherent, in Harvard teams that makes them singularly undependable in contest.

How true this is a comparison of the track team's work against Pennsylvania and Yale will show. Against Pennsylvania, every Harvard man save Fox and Shaw equalled his form, and Shaw was unfitted for his best work by sickness. Against Yale, Shaw in the hammer, Morse in the hurdles, E. H. Clark in the shot and broad jump, Hollister and Fish in the quarter, and Hollister in the half were about the only Harvard men to do themselves justice.

At Cambridge, Bigelow did $10\frac{1}{5}$ s. for the 100 yards, and Denholm was very close to Hoffman, who won the 220 yards in $22\frac{3}{5}$ s. At New Haven, Bigelow did not get a place in any of the trials, and Denholm could do not better than third in a trial won in 23 s.! Vincent at Cambridge beat Hollister's winning time at New Haven, and yet could not secure a place; Hoyt could not, in the pole vault, beat 10 ft. 9 in. for third place at New Haven, although he had done 11 ft. against Pennsylvania; Morse had high-jumped 6 ft. 1 in. and J. G. Clark broad-jumped 22 ft. $3\frac{3}{4}$ in. in the Pennsylvania games, but in the Yale games neither nearly equalled his work of the week before. Grant, who has run a mile in 4 m. 27 s., could not get a place at New Haven in 4 m. $31\frac{3}{5}$ s.

THE NEW HAVEN TRACK WAS HEAVY, it is true, but that did not prevent the Yale men from equalling in every instance their previous work, and in a couple of events excelling it, although, except in the hurdles and hammer, where Yale was admittedly superior, in no event did the winning Yale athlete surpass the work his Harvard opponent had done against Pennsylvania the week previous. On a conservative estimate, based upon what the men of each team had done, the score would read, with slight variations allowed for accidents, about 54 to 50 in Harvard's favor. So startling a reversal of Harvard form was not to be expected, and even the most enthusiastic Yale men believed they had but a fighting chance, with a very few points deciding the winner.

Yale's work was consistent, and that quality explains not only this but many another victory the blue has won over the crimson. Every man worked up to his form, and Speer, Merwin, and Cheney beat their best practice marks.

It was a well-merited triumph of Yale uniformity, and one more illustration of Harvard's protean propensities. And baseball and rowing honors are yet to be awarded.

HARVARD–YALE DUAL TRACK–ATHLETIC MEET, MAY 15, 1897, AT NEW HAVEN.

Event. 1st place, 5 points; 2d place, 2 points; 3d place, 1 point.	Yale.	Harvard.	Winner.	Performance.
100-yard dash	8		D. C. Byers	10 2-5 sec.
220-yard dash	8		T. R. Fisher	22 2-5 "
440-yard run	2	6	E. Hollister	50 4-5 "
880-yard run	3	5	E. Hollister	1 m. 58 4-5 "
One-mile run	8		H. Speer	4 " 31 2-5 "
Two-mile bicycle	8		L. Tweedy	6 " 6 2-5 "
120-yard hurdles	8		E. C. Perkins	16 "
220-yard hurdles	6	2	E. C. Perkins	25 3-5 "
Pole vault	8		B. Johnson	11 ft.
16-lb. shot put	3	5	E. H. Clark	38 " 10 in.
16-lb. hammer throw	6	2	C. Chadwick	130 " 7 1-2 "
Running high jump	5	3	R. C. Merwin	5 " 11 "
Running broad jump	7	1	C. D. Cheney	22 " 1 1-2 "
Total	80	24		

Yale's victory on Saturday makes the record in the dual meetings three all. The detailed record being—Harvard beat Yale in '91 by 85 to 27 points; in '92 by 61 to 51; in '93 by 67 to 45. Yale beat Harvard in '94 by 59 to 53; in '95 by 65 to 47. No contest in '96. Yale beat Harvard in '97 by 80 to 24.

TAKING INTO CONSIDERATION her limited material and the university's comparatively immature track-athletic development, Cornell made a better showing against Pennsylvania in their dual games Saturday than Harvard did against Yale. Pennsylvania defeated Cornell, 88 to 29, and no Cornell man won a first place—but they showed, as last year, a continuous if slow improvement in work. The best work of the meeting was Fetterman's (Pennsylvania) mile walk in 6 m. 47 s.—lowering his own record by 3 seconds, and beating the Inter-collegiate record by $5\frac{3}{5}$ seconds.

THE PRINCETON-COLUMBIA track-athletic meet will be held May 22 at the Columbia Oval, and, in common with most of the dual games of this year, seems likely to be more closely contested than any these two universities have given. Last year Princeton defeated Columbia by $62\frac{1}{2}$ to $49\frac{1}{2}$ points, but to-day the two are much more evenly matched. Princeton is stronger in the sprints, half-mile and one-mile runs, weights, and high jump, while Columbia is doing the better work in the hurdles, broad jump, and bicycle. It is about an even thing on public performance for first in the quarter and in the pole vault. In most of the events the second and third strings are untried men, who will make a scramble for these points. This is especially true of Columbia. Princeton appears to have the better chance of winning.

At all events, these dual meetings have done much for both Princeton and Columbia, whose athletics sorely needed inspiration.

PENNSYLVANIA'S BASEBALL PROSPECTS were immeasurably brightened by winning the third game of its Georgetown series (7–6), the other two having been lost. And not the least encouraging feature was the clean fielding game shown by the university men, a single error in the pitcher's box being the only one charged against the team. Pennsylvania has not been playing very strong baseball this year, but improving steadily for the last two weeks.

At this writing, whereas two weeks ago they seemed to have none, now there is a good fighting chance for the Cornell game, which is the next important one. It is greatly to Pennsylvania's credit that throughout these weeks of her development her play has been rather freer of errors than is generally seen in nines of similar timber.

Pennsylvania has no exceptional players outside of Jackson, who covers a lot of ground in left field, is a sure catch, and a long, accurate thrower. Blakely (Captain) at third, and Wilhelm at short, played the same positions last year, and are fairly good men. Robinson is new this year, but trustworthy, and promises to be one of the best of the nine. Gillender is new on first, as are Hoeffer and Radcliffe behind the bat; they should be an improvement on last year's catcher.

Although thus far the nine gives no indications of attaining this year a position among the strongest college teams, it has provided evidence of enough improvement to expect a rounding into good form before the ending of the season. Much additional strength is needed in the batting department.

CORNELL'S LAST WORK, against Harvard and University of Virginia, is a distinct falling off from the really excellent showing made in the Princeton game. Especially in the Harvard game, which was lost (4–10) was Cornell's playing disappointing, error following error until the sum total amounted to eight. With the exception of Young, Haskell, and Bole, every Cornell player made an error, and Affeld, at short, distinguished himself by making three. Young played a strong game behind the bat, besides making one four-base and one three-base hit, which netted two runs. Altogether it was a loosely played game, in which errors (Harvard made seven) largely accounted for the scoring. Harvard earned two runs and Cornell one.

COULD HARVARD HAVE ARISEN to the occasion in the ninth inning of the Princeton game Saturday, she might have tied, if not beaten, the home nine. As it was, she opened the last inning with the score 6–0 against her, and through Princeton's evident rattles, and Paine's and Haughton's singles, got in three runs. Princeton was thoroughly entitled to the game, for she earned four of her runs, and up to the last inning had made but a single error. Harvard earned none of her three runs, and made five errors. Harvard's battery did fine work. Paine struck out eight men to Wilson's two. If some life can be put into the in-field, Harvard may perhaps end the season creditably.

Until the ninth inning Princeton's game was faultless, but the old story of a sure thing led to carelessness and thence to rattles, and from that to three errors and three runs by the opponents. Kafer caught admirably. Kelly is 50 per cent. better than last year, and premier on first. Hildebrand should stay at third, and Butler at short, notwithstanding some of the rather wild balls he gave Smith in the ninth. Princeton has the strongest nine I have seen wearing her colors, but she must guard against over-confidence, coach Butler and Smith, and steal more bases.

YALE'S SECOND BROWN GAME, at Providence, although won (6–5) was not such good ball as the first. But it showed Yale's ability to get runs when needed, and emphasized Brown's tendency to crack when keyed up by an important game.

THE AMBIGUOUS CABLE REPORTS betrayed us last week into recording the defeat of Horace Hutchinson, and crediting James Robb instead of A. J. T. Allan with winning the English amateur golf championship. Mr. Hutchinson was merely a spectator, and next week we shall publish his comment on the meeting.

Inter-collegiate golf and further baseball comment postponed for lack of space to next week.

CASPAR WHITNEY.

"TRACK ATHLETICS IN DETAIL."—ILLUSTRATED FROM INSTANTANEOUS PHOTOGRAPHS.—8VO, CLOTH, ORNAMENTAL, $1 25.

FIVE DAYS ON THE MACEDONIAN FRONTIER.

I TOOK steamer at Athens for Volo on Friday, April 9. On reaching Volo, on Saturday midnight, we heard that the invasion of Macedonia by the revolutionists had commenced the day before from the mountain village of Kalabaka, so instead of going to Larissa, the military centre, as I had expected, I left early in the morning for Kalabaka, seven hours by train from Volo. It lies at the foot of the mountains at the western end of the fertile plain of Thessaly. This little out-of-the-way place, four hours by mountain paths from the frontier, was chosen by the secret committee of the Ethnike-Hetairia for the centre of their revolutionist operations. Being at the end of the narrow-gauge railway, supplies and men could be quickly brought in. The village is very picturesquely situated at the foot of the great tower rocks, on which stand the famous Meteora monasteries.

The operations of the society have been so quiet that immense quantities of supplies had been accumulated in secret stores there without attracting notice.

We found the village greatly excited over eight Turkish prisoners that the insurgents had just brought in and handed over to the Greek officials.

The Greek officials could not consistently hold these soldiers, who had been captured on Turkish soil before war had been declared, so by the orders of the Crown-Prince they were taken to Volo, and sent by boat to the Turkish coast and released.

The leader of this first invading force was the famous insurgent Davelis, the boldest and most successful of the revolutionary leaders who stirred up Macedonia last year. This first body of three thousand men, while it accomplished its principal purpose—that of aggravating the Turks into declaring war—was obliged to return in a few days to Greek territory, after losing many men.

In an interview with Captain Davelis, which I had a few days later, he gave as their reasons for coming back that the society had not properly supplied the secret food stations, and the invaders went over in too large detachments to be able to find supplies sufficient in the villages. He also said that the society had accepted men unused to mountain-climbing and hardships, such as the Italians and young men from the larger towns, who soon became a serious hinderance instead of a help, and, moreover, that some of the men proved more enthusiastic talkers than fighters.

During the next five days Kalabaka was the central point of action of this most remarkable society, which numbers among its members the most influential not only of Greece but of the millions of Greeks who reside outside of Greek territory.

Every day new men would come in on special trains—hardy-looking fellows, mostly Greek mountaineers, for Greece is a country of mountains; but many of them were from Macedonia, Syria, Egypt, etc. I met a few from England and America. They were in bands of from sixty to three hundred. If the leader had not had former experience in Macedonian fighting he became subordinate to another who had, and who was familiar with the mountains of the Macedonian border. On arrival they were at once uniformed and armed. The uniform is the picturesque Albanian costume. Their little black silk caps have on their front a cross and the letters E. E. worked in gold. They are armed with the Gras rifle, and carry from two hundred to two hundred and fifty cartridges, which is twice the number carried by the regular soldiers. But they carry no knapsack or food, excepting a little salt. Each man must take an oath to never return from Macedonia until it is free, excepting by command of his captain. Some of the men in the first invasion did come back to the frontier in advance of orders, and were at once brought to Kalabaka, where their arms and uniforms were taken from them.

The Greek government, though not officially cognizant of this gathering of irregulars, was undoubtedly secretly giving the movement at least moral support. The people were tired of delay. They said Turkey could afford to remain inactive, as the powers were every day acting for her in Crete. Still, the King, in spite of popular clamor, hesitated to take the terrible responsibility of declaring war with a nation so much more powerful, and was glad of this movement to force Turkey to take nominally the first step. The commander of the Greek regular forces at Kalabaka (Colonel Micropoulos) and his officers were openly on the best of terms with the chiefs.

Here at Kalabaka, on April 14 and 15, there was a general conference between some of the members of the committee of this society and the different insurgent chieftains from all along the frontier. This committee is composed of Greeks, largely from foreign countries. There were five or six of them, all past middle age, and with the appearance of quiet-going, substantial business men. One would not have imagined them the managers of such a desperate undertaking. They would be grouped in the little dirty cafés, talking in low tones, and were never intruded upon. After the conference, I believe most of the committee left, leaving M. Goussie in charge. This gentleman is an Alexandrian of great wealth. He may be fifty-five years old, is heavy-set and strong, and has a shrewd, intelligent face. In New York city he might be taken for a successful city politician of the better class. I do not believe that any correspondent obtained a word with this man. Others of the committee were more approachable. I had a conversation with one of them, in which he explained something of their immediate aims, which were, first, to start the fire, and after that constantly to harass the Turkish forces. They did not expect to fight battles, but to go through Macedonia in small companies, exciting the Christians to revolt, and shooting the Turks from the heights. They were to cut off and to capture small detachments, to destroy supplies, to invade villages, and to worry, fatigue, and distract the Turkish forces. He said that even should Greece abandon them, they were sworn never to draw back.

They were the most picturesque lot of fellows that I ever saw. The wild scenery gave it all a fine theatrical effect, and possibly some of them would be more useful in a comic opera than in a guerilla band.

I heard so much from the Greek officers and the irregulars of the valor and achievements of the chief Davelis that I was anxious to see the man before leaving. Hearing that he was in Greek territory, not far away, with a picked band of his men, one of the Greek officers, a friend of Captain Davelis, accompanied me back to the hills to his retreat. We found them sheltered in some caves in an ideal spot for mountaineer guerrillas. Overhead and behind were the great cliffs, and in front a long stretch of lower ground, of which their position commanded a view. From the shadows of the caves they could see distant objects plainly without being visible themselves. But at present there was no cause for concealment.

Captain Davelis is a medium-sized rather spare man of perhaps fifty years; his iron-gray hair and beard were clipped short. He wore the Albanian costume, with a red cap. I should judge him to have a constitution still capable of standing many hardships. In character I should judge him a very earnest simple-hearted man, one who believes fanatically in the justice of his cause, and is willing to sacrifice everything for it. The one hundred and thirty men that he was this time going to enter with were every one old hands at the business; among them were two brothers and several nephews. When I asked him how he expected to get through the lines and contend with the thousands of soldiers that swarmed the border, he pointed to the sky, meaning that God would help him.

Captain Davelis is an old-timer, first becoming famous as a leader in the war of '76 to '81, which resulted in freeing Thessaly from the Turkish rule, and I was told many of his achievements.

In '81, with two hundred and sixty mountaineer marksmen, he cornered two thousand

(*Continued on page 525.*)

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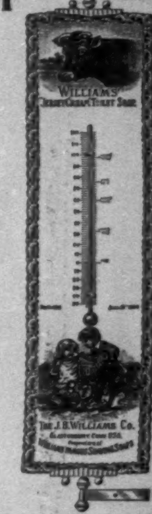

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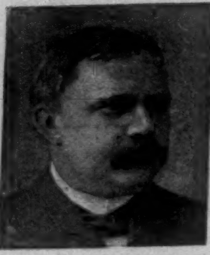
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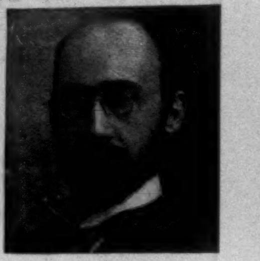
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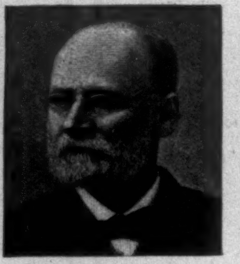
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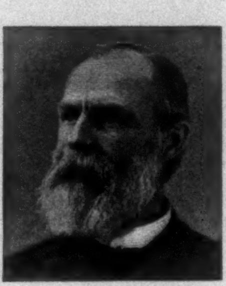
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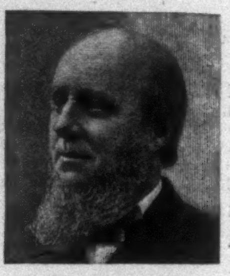
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"A COLLECTION of books," said Thomas Carlyle, long years ago, "is a real university"; and we of this day are coming more and more to see that Carlyle was right.

In an address delivered towards the close of his life, which may be regarded as an expression of his ripened judgment, Russell Lowell said this: "A college training is an excellent thing; but, after all, the better part of every man's training is that which he gives himself. And it is for this that a good library should furnish the opportunity and the means."

More recently that fine critic and educator of England, Frederic Harrison, has been saying much the same thing. "Education," he declares, "can do for us infinitely less than we have come to expect. All that it can really give is this: It can supply the opportunity for self-culture, and hold forth new standards and new ideals to aim at; it can bring the budding mind into contact with the formed and matured mind; and shed over the young spirit the inspiring glow of some rare and beautiful intelligence. Lastly, it can open for the learner the door of the vestibule into the great Library of the World's Wisdom."

It has seemed to us, as one fine volume and another of Charles Dudley Warner's new Library comes forth, that the words of Harrison, and those of Carlyle too, were almost prophetic of this monumental work. The new Library is truly a Library of the World's Wisdom, as there was never one before; and if there ever was a collection of books which deserves to be called "a real University" it is this.

Mr. Warner's new Library is a superb treasury of literature that comes marvellously near to including everything that is worth reading in the literature of all the ages since the making of books began; it distils the vital essence—it brings together in a single set of volumes the immortal part of the literature and wisdom of the world. This in itself would stamp it as a work of the highest value. But the new Library is even more than this; and it is just because it does so surpass itself, as it were, that we count it an achievement of the century.

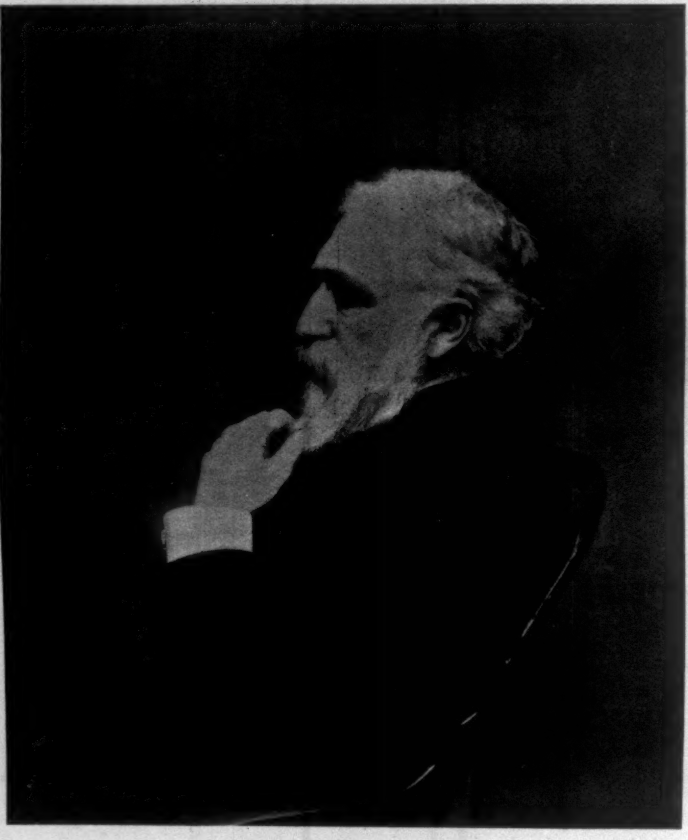
Suppose there could be established in America a single university which should bring together the foremost scholars of the nation—the most stimulative teachers, the most learned men, the most cultured educators of the whole land. And then, further, suppose that such a university could include in its faculty, as lecturers, the most brilliant writers and thinkers not only of this country but of all Europe as well; so that in every field and branch of education, on every subject of science, on every topic of literature, it could have the highest living authorities in all the world to instruct its students.

In a word, imagine that there could be established a university which should represent the very flower of the intellect and learning of Christendom—who would not wish to attend? Who, indeed, could stay away? There is hardly a man or woman in the whole country who aspires to culture and a broader knowledge who would not wish to take some course or other at such an institution.

But if we stop to consider the matter for a moment we shall find that Charles Dudley Warner, in his new Library, has come wondrously near to the actual realization of this splendid dream. He has established a university in which the most prominent men of our leading American universities have accepted professorships, and in which the most brilliant minds of two continents have accepted lectureships. A few weeks ago we gave portraits of the eminent men who may be said to answer to lecturers, and in this issue we give portraits of those who, as members of Mr. Warner's Advisory Council, may be accounted professors in this novel university.

It is true that this new seat of learning has no colossal investments in fine buildings; it is true that we do not gather in college halls, where its professors and lecturers speak to us face to face. But think, on the other hand, what is gained—we may attend this imperial university when and where we like, we may study when we will, we are not at heavy expense, we need not even interrupt our regular occupations. Yet we have everything here that the finest university in the world could supply, even to a great reference library.

What we mean by all this is that the best of all that has been done and said and thought in the history of the world has been finally crystallized into books. Even the achievements of science have, under the magical touch of writers like Huxley, Tyndall, Agassiz, John Fiske, and many others, become as interesting as a romance. So it is that a rightly selected and sufficiently comprehensive library becomes an epitome of the wisdom, the progress, and the great deeds of the world; it is a veritable microcosm. And it is just such a library that Mr. Warner and his imposing array of associates provide in the thirty convenient volumes now in course of publication.


CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER.
From his latest photograph.

But even such a library, valuable as it may be to the man whose broad education enables him to rightly use it, might be, to others, altogether unavailing, and a mere ornament upon the wall, if it lacked the power to stimulate its possessor to enter its halls and make its treasures his own. It is this last, perhaps, which constitutes the greatest utility of a college; contact with the minds of able teachers and eager students gives just this stimulus and direction, or, as Frederic Harrison puts it, "opens for the learner the door of the vestibule into the great Library of the World's Wisdom."

This is precisely the function of the really extraordinary series of critical, interpretative, and historical studies which preface every prominent subject, writer, or literature included in this epochal Library. These masterly essays cover almost every conceivable topic of wide interest in literature, and every one of them has been written by the one man who in all the wide world is best fitted to say the wisest, most authoritative, and most interesting word upon the subject he treats.

We say this without qualification. Think of what a number of famous men have been pressed into service to do this timely and invaluable work! In a previous review we have noted a few of the more prominent writers who have been engaged to treat of individual authors; there is Professor Dowden who writes on "Goethe"; Howells on "Tolstoï"; Leslie Stephen on "Carlyle"; Brunetière on "Taine" and "Renan"; Lecky on "Gibbon"; Paul Bourget on "Flaubert"; and we might continue. We have here, and in hundreds of other instances, the most delightful introduction we possibly could have to the study of each of the authors passed in review.

But suppose, instead of these, that we have the wish, say in our leisure moments this summer, to take up the comparative study of the distinctive literatures of the world. It seems asking a great deal of any set of volumes which undertakes to do so many other things, as does Mr. Warner's Library, to furnish us this as well; and yet it is all here.

We may pursue a course in Celtic literature (which Renan and Matthew Arnold both loved so much) under the guidance of that celebrated advocate of the Celts, William Sharp; we may delve into the strange and fantastic literature of Arabia, with its Arabian Nights and the Koran, led by Professor Gottheil of Columbia; we may wander back to the days of The Cid with Professor Sprague Smith; we may study the Eddas with Professor Carpenter, and the Vedas with Professor Hopkins; or populate our idle hours with the legends of the Arthurian days and of the Holy Grail.

But what strikes us with so much force, in these critical studies, is that they are not only so interesting to read, but that every one of them comes from an unimpeachable authority, and yet further embodies the very latest results of modern research and discovery. For example, in the article upon Egyptian Literature we have full report of the most recent discoveries of Prof. Flinders Petrie in the tombs of the ancient Egyptian kings; and then, again, in an article of unusual interest by Professor Toy, of Harvard, translations from the curious clay tablets found near the site of Babylon last summer, which have been buried for 6000 years.

Still further, along with these exhaustive essays, the writers of each have chosen the most interesting and vitally significant examples of the literatures themselves, many of which, as we have just noted, have been specially translated for this new Library, and may now be enjoyed in English for the first time.

Assuredly we have here a collection of literature, of history, and of criticism and exposition like unto "the heaped-up wealth of the Indies." We conceive that, so fine and concentrated is the quality of the work here done, one might, in the course of a season's study, acquire a clearer and firmer grasp of the world's literature than from years of desultory reading, or from an extended college education. It seems as if one might plan endless courses of reading for one's leisure hours, and indeed delve endlessly without exhausting this vast mine.

The new Library is a university not merely for the years of adolescence, but one which we may attend with instruction and delight a whole life long!

The managers of Harper's Weekly Club, of 91 Fifth Avenue, New York, through which this great work is being distributed while in the course of publication, inform us that the ever-desirable first edition of the Library is now almost exhausted, and that with the reservations which a number of the leading magazines have made specially for their subscribers, but a very few of these choice sets now remain.

It is needless to urge the desirability of the first edition, printed as it is from the fresh and unworn plates, from which both text and illustrations stand forth with the utmost clearness and beauty of outline. In view of the further fact that this magnificent work is just now offered by the Harper's Weekly Club at a little more than half the regular subscription price, and upon very easy monthly payments, we cannot too strongly urge those of our readers who have been contemplating the purchase of the Library to write for full information regarding terms and particulars, immediately. By purchasing now they will not only gain an exceptionally desirable edition of the Library, but will effect a considerable saving as well.

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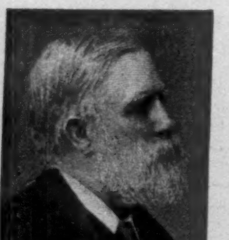
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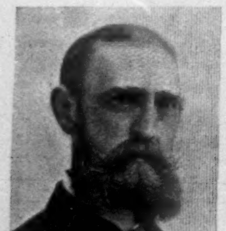
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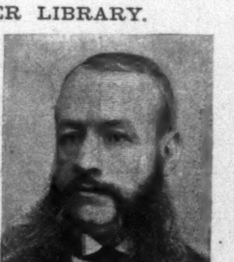
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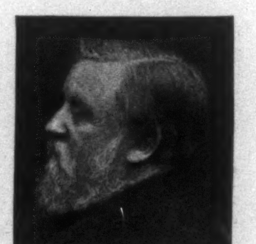
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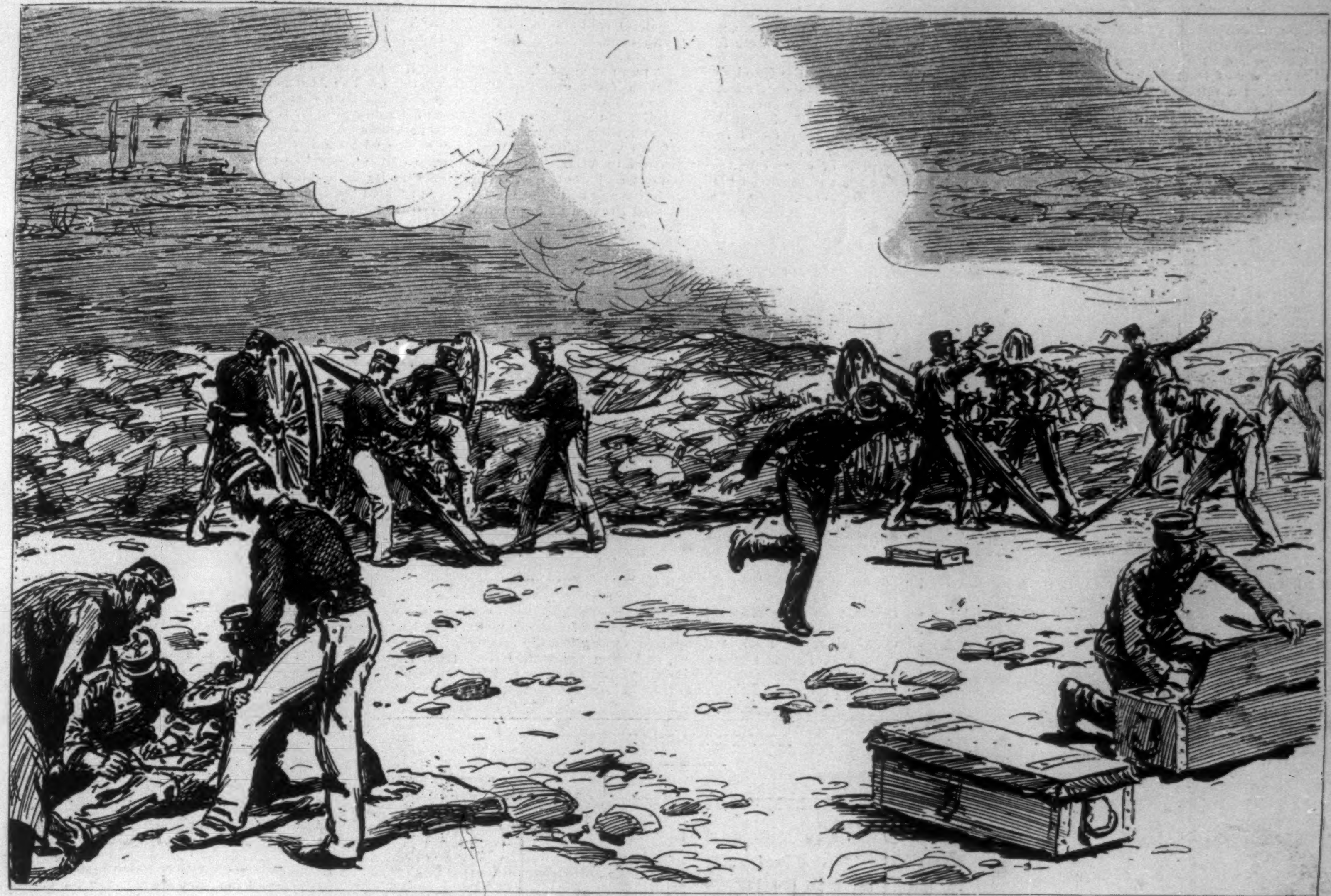

THE GRECO-TURKISH WAR—GREEK ARTILLERY IN THE ENGAGEMENT AT MATI.

(*Continued from page 523.*)

Turkish regulars in the mountains, and only eighty escaped. Neither side were taking prisoners those days. The Sultan has distinguished the captain by placing a standing offer of £3000 ($15,000) on his life.

While in their camp I was told the following terrible experience of just a few days before. While the band was across the frontier a party of five irregulars were attacked, and three of them were soon wounded—one of the three a relative of Captain Davelis. They were being helped back by their two companions, but the wounded men saw that thus encumbered it would be impossible for any to escape, so they insisted upon stopping, and begged their friends to shoot them—preferring the instant death to the one of torture that they felt the Turks would inflict. So their companions shot them, and thus relieved, were able to fight their way out.

Captain Davelis was feeling especially pleased that at his request the society were going to supply his men with the Martini rifles. These are the same that the Turks have been using; and the Turkish soldiers, who seldom receive their pay, are in the habit of trading cartridges for food or tobacco at the village shops. These have been quietly hoarded by the Christians for the first insurgents that could use them. But with the Gras rifles this was impossible, and retreat of course is necessary when cartridges run low.

In some ways this old man reminded me of what I have read of our John Brown. He is a crank, but a heroic one.

The Turks are so massed in Macedonia now that this is very likely to be his final invasion, and his career, like that of old John Brown, to have a violent ending.

The £3000 will probably stimulate the efforts of some of the Sultan's German officers, who believe in going into war for money.

BERT UNDERWOOD.

THE CAMPAIGN IN THESSALY.

THE Greco-Turkish war began with the sending, in February of this year, of a Greek fleet and Greek troops, commanded by a regular army officer and a prince of the realm, to aid the Cretans in their revolt against the Sultan's government. That this was recognized as a gauge of battle by both countries is evident. It is, however, also unquestionable that King George, and doubtless his ministry, did not believe that matters would go to the extreme. They knew perfectly well that the Sultan was tired of Cretan insurrections, and would welcome a reasonable way of securing relief from them. They understood, too, the temper of the Greek people. Six times during the present century had the Cretans revolted and proclaimed union with Greece, and each time the sole result had been the landing in Athens of crowds of Cretan refugees, a charge upon the people and the government. They were resolved that this should be continued no longer, and when the riot in Canea showed that the old Moslem tyranny was the same, such a burst of national enthusiasm followed that, had the King and ministry not yielded, both would have fallen. Knowing this, and knowing too that the *status quo* which the concert of Europe was so determined to maintain included the Greek monarchy as against a Greek republic as an integral element, it was deemed safe to yield to popular clamor, and trust to diplomacy or the chapter of accidents to avert a real war.

It was necessary, however, to go through the forms on both sides. The Turks sent troops to the Greek frontier, and the Greeks followed suit with an army at Larissa in Thessaly. The Greek frontier is a peculiar one. As suggested at the Congress of Berlin, and approved two years later, it followed the mountains in a natural line, giving to the Greeks Thessaly and Epirus, including the cities of Larissa, Elassona, Metsovo, and Janina. This, however, seemed to Russia to be liable to make Greece too independent, and accordingly Epirus, with Janina and Metsovo, was given back to Turkey. Fully as important from the point of view of military defence, a sharp bend was made in the eastern frontier at Elassona, making the two passes at Miluna and Reveni much more easily defended against an attack from the south than from the north. The general result was that while Greece had a narrow border of mountain with a background of plain on which to make her stand, Turkey had a broad stretch of rough country where every step was easily defended.

In addition to the advantage of position the Turks had the superior army organization. Ever since the close of the war with Russia, German officers have been engaged in drilling troops, educating officers, perfecting the general organization. In Greece, ordinarily, the army was very much in evidence. But there were no foreign officers of exact training to supplement or direct local ignorance or inefficiency, and when the campaign opened, neither commissariat nor hospital service was in workable condition. There was plenty of ammunition, but that was about all. The difference between the two armies was manifest also in the *personnel*. At the head of the Turkish army was Edhem Pasha, a born soldier as well as a trained officer, and he was supported by men who had had experience in the Balkans. The Greek commander was the Crown-Prince, unfitted by nature as by training for the severe test of war. His staff had had no experience in battle. But two officers, Colonel Vassos, who had gone to Crete, and General Smolenitz, came out of the fight with any record for soldierly qualities. The rank and file showed the same characteristics. The Greeks are not less brave than the Turks, but are less well disciplined, and without good leadership personal bravery in the ranks is not proof against panic. There was also an enormous difference in numbers. The total Greek force was about 50,000 men, including over 23,000 non-commissioned officers. The Turkish force numbered over 700,000 men. The Turks, indeed, were scattered over a wide empire, and the muster-rolls undoubtedly did not represent the real effective force. Still, making all allowance, it was apparent at the outset that in open fight the Turks by sheer force of numbers must overwhelm the Greeks. In their navy alone the Greeks had the advantage. Its ships, though few in number, were in good condition and well served, while the Turkish fleet was practically useless.

By the 1st of April the Turks with an army of at least 100,000 men—some reports said 150,000—were well intrenched at Elassona, threatening both passes leading from Macedonia into Thessaly. Smaller forces were stationed at Janina, Metsovo, and Grevena, while all along the border block-houses were built and manned. The Greeks had increased their force by large numbers of volunteers, as well as by calling out the reserves, and had between 50,000 and 70,000 men at the two passes, the greater force being at the Miluna Pass, Larissa being general headquarters. A smaller force was at Arta, while garrisons occupied Trikhala, Kalabaka, and other places.

Meanwhile another element had come into prominence. The Ethnike-Hetairia, or National Society, formed for the advancement of Greek interests, not merely in Greece, but in Epirus and Macedonia, had been strengthening and organizing its membership, with the avowed purpose of taking part in the strife, which every Greek, except some of the cooler leaders, was anxious to precipitate. About 3000 of these gathered in the region of Trikhala and Kalabaka, holding aloof from the regular army, but making no secret of their general plan, which was to make incursions into Turkish territory, to harass the Turkish troops, and especially to furnish a nucleus for the insurgents of Macedonia, who were reputed to be ready, to the number of 30,000, to rise in revolt as soon as it became evident that the Greeks meant business and would give them material support.

The general political situation had not cleared. The Cretan insurrection was as strong as ever, despite the blockade of the fleets of Europe. The moderate but firm reply of the Greek government to the ultimatum of the powers demanding the immediate withdrawal of Colonel Vassos and the Greek troops from the island seemed to have stirred rather than allayed the antagonism, especially of Germany. Emperor William insisted that this recalcitrant little kingdom should be taught by harsh measures, so long as mild ones availed nothing, that she could not presume to dictate to Europe, or even lift a finger for the defence of her own people except as the concert gave her permission, and demanded that the Piræus be blockaded. This stirred the Greeks to fury, and threats were freely made against the royal family if they delayed any longer in taking the field against the Turks. Popular feeling in western Europe, enforced by Mr. Gladstone's vigorous letter, averted the actual use of force; but the threat had the immediate result of hastening the preparations for war. As the connection with the army in Thessaly was chiefly by sea, the Greeks felt that they could not afford to run any risk of being shut up in Athens, and hurried all available troops and supplies at once to Volo, whence they were forwarded by rail to Larissa. The Crown-Prince Constantine also assumed command, and every day it seemed as if war would be declared. The powers had, however, sent word to the two governments that whichever was the aggressor would in no case be allowed to reap fruits, even if victorious. This held the two armies in leash, and for two weeks they watched each other across the border.

April 6 was the anniversary of Greek independence, and there was a general belief that it would be signalized by

some overt act of war. It proved to be a Tuesday, however, an unlucky day in the Greek calendar, and passed in quietness, but the next day a body of the National Society, estimated at about 1500 men, crossed the frontier in the vicinity of Diskata, between Metsovo and Grevena, and attacked a number of Turkish block-houses. They met with considerable success, and pushed on toward Grevena, also threatening some of the outposts of the army at Elassona. To protests from the Turkish commander the Greek government replied that these were irresponsible bands beyond the control of the Greek commander. They included no regulars, and must not be considered as carrying out Greek orders. Edhem Pasha, finding that he was being seriously disturbed, and even his connections with Salonica endangered, telegraphed to Constantinople for permission to advance. The ministry were anxious for war, but the Sultan was fearful. Palace intrigues also delayed. At last the orders were sent, and on April 17 Edhem Pasha advanced against the Greek position in the Miluna Pass, sending a smaller force south toward the Reveni Pass. At the same time the Turkish forts at Prevesa fired on and sunk a Greek ship in the Gulf of Arta.

The war had thus commenced in good earnest, and the result was waited for with considerable anxiety. It seemed impossible for Greece to win, and yet there was a widespread hope that she might be able, perhaps by the assistance of the Balkan states, to settle the question of Turkish rule in Europe. The Greek plan of campaign seemed to be to check the Turkish advance, and by lighter forces get into the rear, cut communications with Salonica, and rouse Macedonia and Albania, while the fleet should play havoc among the unprotected Turkish ports of the Ægean and Adriatic. If the plan existed at all, it failed completely. The Greek soldiers fought nobly, but they were steadily pushed back, until Miluna Pass was in the hands of the Turks. At Damasi and the Reveni Pass they held their own, and to the east near Nezeros and Keania they achieved some success.

After the first defeat, however, they rallied, and for a few days it seemed as if they were going to succeed. Then the battle of Mati proved most disastrous. A retreat was ordered to Larissa; the retreat became a rout, and soldiers, officers, refugees, baggage, in one confused mass, swept over the plain and took refuge in the city. The retreat of the main army to Larissa made Tyrnavo and Damasi untenable, and the gallant soldiers who had held those places were forced, with considerable danger, to withdraw.

Elsewhere the Greeks were not more successful. The army at Arta entered Albania with great enthusiasm, drove back the Turkish garrison at Filippiada, captured the stronghold of Fort Pentepigadia, and seemed so sure of taking Janina that four Albanian regiments revolted and declared their allegiance to Greece. Suddenly, to the surprise of every one, they withdrew to Arta. The fact was the commissariat had given out, and the troops had nothing to eat. Nor did the fleet give any better account of itself. The Greek ships attacked Prevesa and demolished the fortifications, but did not occupy the city. They also bombarded a few small places on the Adriatic coast, and then disappeared from view. On the east a fleet sailed from Volo with sealed orders, and there was daily expectation of a descent on Salonica, perhaps Smyrna. There was almost a panic in Salonica. The governor ordered the light-houses not to light their lamps, filled the mouth of the harbor with torpedoes, and waited. The ships reached Platamona, a small place on the coast above Volo, captured a good supply of provisions, repeated the action once or twice farther north, and also disappeared from view.

Equally disappointing was the situation in the north. The 30,000 Macedonian insurgents did not materialize. There were rumors of trouble on the Montenegrin frontier, but Prince Nicholas kept quiet. Bulgaria appeared to be ready. A band of insurgents crossed into Macedonia, and the government returned a rather curt refusal to the demand of the Sublime Porte that Greek consuls be dismissed and Greek citizens expelled. Advantage was also taken of the situation to demand certain concessions as to Bulgarian bishops and commercial agents in Macedonia, but there was no action by the government. Servia made no move at all. Had the Greeks held Miluna, or even captured Janina, the result might have been different. As it was, they were left to bear their burden alone.

The effect of all this on the populace of Athens was maddening. A mob at the palace demanded the withdrawal of Prince Constantine, and even threatened the King. The excitement was increased by the news which followed soon that Larissa in turn had been abandoned for Pharsalia, and that almost all Thessaly was in the hands of the Turks. The surrender of Larissa was an astonishment to all, especially the Turks. At much labor and expense very good fortifications had been erected, and to leave all without even a fight seemed most strange. Still, it was done. The Athens mob grew more clamorous, but were appeased by a change of ministry and the declaration of the new premier that the war would be carried on. Two members of the cabinet visited the camp, had full conference with the leaders, and returned, saying that the morale of the troops had greatly improved, and that they were very far from yielding. A fierce contest at Velestino, in which the Greeks, under General Smolenitz, held their own against a heavy Turkish force, revived the martial ardor of the people, and in a degree helped to wipe out the preceding disgrace. At the same time the absolute incompetence of the leaders became more apparent than ever; and when Pharsalia in turn was abandoned, after a fierce fight on May 5, only eighteen days after the war opened, and a new line was formed at Dhomoko, the people acquiesced not merely in the retreat, but in the almost synonymous acceptance by their government of the conditions of the powers, and made no complaint when King George and M. Ralli made formal application for mediation.

Meanwhile the situation, so far as Turkey is concerned, has grown more serious. The first delay after the seizing of Miluna Pass frightened the Sultan, and in hot haste he sent Osman Pasha, the hero of Plevna, to take general command. Subsequent victories revived his courage, and the war party grew more insistent that the impertinent Greeks should be thoroughly punished. Notwithstanding repeated pressure from Europe, an armistice was refused, and orders were sent to Edhem Pasha to advance against Dhomoko. There is already a fear lest the victorious Ottomans may prove the most serious menace to the peace of Europe. It is said that at least 400,000 men are under arms, while the famous, or infamous, Hamidieh cavalry are held in readiness for action. The Greeks have made another advance into Epirus, and their fleet has been stationed at the mouth of the Gulf of Salonica. But it is considered probable that there will be another retreat from Dhomoko, while upon the powers will rest the responsibility of saving Athens from another Turkish occupation.

E. M. BLISS.

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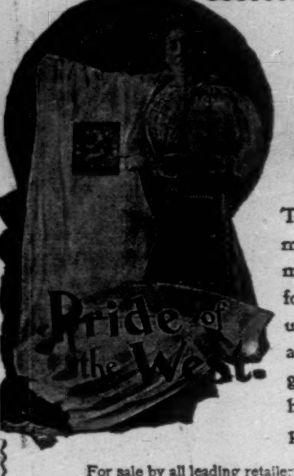

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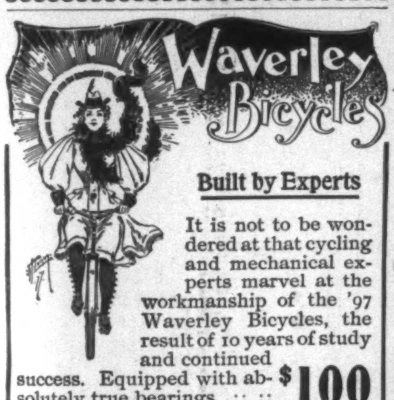

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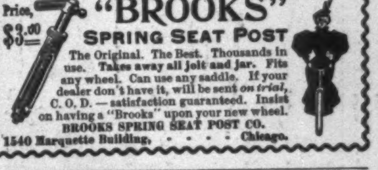

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